

The Listener

and

B.B.C. Television Review

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CHICAGO



'Girl Going to Wash', design on an Athenian cup (early fifth century, B.C.), now in the Musées Royaux du Cinquantenaire, Brussels: see 'Graphic Art in Ancient Greece', by Bernard Ashmole, on page 183

A Visit to East Germany

By Erik Nohara

Lord Shawcross 'Face to Face'

(a television interview)

Wittgenstein: Man and Philosopher

By Erich Heller and M. O'C. Drury

Prime Minister as Elected Monarch

By R. W. K. Hinton

English Repertory Today

By Jens Arup

John Stuart Mill 'On Liberty'

By Noel Annan

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A Visit to East Germany

By ERIK NOHARA

IF you are a citizen of West Berlin there is hardly any country or place in the world closed to you—short of East Germany. It takes an official invitation issued by some important political organization, or a doctor's certificate testifying that close relatives of yours living in the East are desperately ill, before you can get an entry permit.

So one always has an uneasy feeling when entering East Germany proper. It is a place where you are normally not supposed to be: that is one thing the authorities in Bonn and Pankow are likely to agree on. Yet the 'Volkspolizei'—or People's Police—who check your papers, are extremely polite, even friendly. Once you show your travel permit it is evident to the frontier policeman that his authorities want you to visit their 'German Democratic Republic', and that it is therefore up to him to make you feel a guest right away. After a short glance at your papers he wishes you a pleasant journey and he turns to the other passengers in the compartment of the train. That is exactly where your uneasiness starts: being a guest, in the long run, implies overt co-operation with the régime, and you are likely to be a disappointment. Even regular visits to East Berlin are inadequate equipment for your present journey. Your ignorance may not be as glaring as that of some secondary school-children in Cologne who innocently believe that people 'over there' speak only Russian. The place is all the stranger because the people there happen to speak German, too.

Yet in the first days in Leipzig you get that eerie feeling of *déjà vu*. It is very much like being in West Berlin in 1949 after the currency reform and at the end of the blockade. Samples of almost all types of consumer goods are to be had—though some

only at exorbitant prices. The city abounds in improvised shop-buildings put up on bomb sites. The window displays are shoddily arranged—the widely publicized 'socialist competition' among state-owned stores and co-operatives obviously does not help much. But consumer goods like clothing, wireless sets, refrigerators, and other electrical appliances are not yet the most important thing in people's minds. They are still riding what is called the 'food wave'. They crowd the newly established provision stores and restaurants, bakeries and coffee-shops, to regale themselves with enormous amounts of pastry and whipped cream. And almost everybody has some reading material at hand: not newspapers (they are too boring), but novels and text books. They devour Gorki or Brecht as fast as people in the West can read thrillers. Trashy literature is almost unobtainable in East Germany, while serious reading matter, whether educational, political, or plain fiction, is extraordinarily cheap. Food and books—a strange combination for a society now entering the first phase of the consumer goods craze.

It is only in the later hours of the day that one loses the feeling of *déjà vu*. No blaze of advertising lights, no neon-lit advertising signs, and hardly any car headlights: the streets look even more dreary than at noon.

These first impressions, however, turn out to be only part of the true picture. It is extremely difficult to compare the actual buying-power of wages and salaries in East and West Germany: in many cases it may even be nominally the same. Most of the more durable consumer goods—clothing, shoes, furniture, and so on, not to speak of luxury items—are heavily priced. It is only with these commodities that the exchange rate offered by West

Berlin banks (approximately four Eastmarks to one Westmark) seems to coincide with reality. Staple goods are to be had at more or less the same prices as in the West. Flats and all kinds of services, however, are much cheaper. People in East Germany are not just involuntarily subjected to a policy of extreme austerity in the interests of industrial investment; they are also governed by a set of economic priorities completely different from those in the West: the austerity pays not only for steel-plants and an ever-growing army; it also provides, among other things, the means for well-furnished school buildings, for minimum wages to all apprentices; and for an ample and all-embracing system of university scholarships. Education is the major incentive for youth—education, however, not only for the broadening of minds but also for a peculiar kind of citizenship.

Student Seminar

I had been invited as an observer to a student seminar, organized by the 'Freie Deutsche Jugend' (Free German Youth), which is Communist-dominated and the only youth federation operating under the régime. Being thus officially sponsored and coming from a foreign country in the West, I found my hosts paying special attention to me. I am billeted in a modern and bright student hostel. There are two three-bed dormitories and a small study room with desks and chairs like a class-room. Normally this hostel is occupied by students from abroad who are studying at the Leipzig Karl-Marx University. My roommate, sleeping in the berth next to mine, introduces himself as Secretary of the Free German Youth at an institute for higher learning near Berlin. During my visit he is to act as an unobtrusive shadow—always trying to be polite and helpful, despite my efforts to persuade him that there is really no danger of my getting lost on short walks, and that he surely deserves some rest and therefore need not bother to attach himself to me. Before going to sleep I try to read some booklets, propaganda material published by the local university press. There is a reading-lamp built into the wooden bedstead, the kind you find in wagon-lit coaches. The lamp has two sockets, but there is only one 15-watt bulb emitting a rather dim light. I explain my predicament to my companion and ask him whether he would mind my switching on the main light for another twenty minutes. He does not care to answer my actual question but just says: 'Bottle-necks of this kind really should not happen; tomorrow I shall put in a complaint to the administration. Our State Economy Plan provides for a sixty per cent. increase in the production of electric bulbs by next year'.

Next day, I talk to a high-ranking representative of the Free German Youth, I point out that his rank and file is sometimes overdoing its propagandistic zeal, illustrating my argument with my experience of the evening before. His short comment begs the question too: 'You must have been wrong', he said, 'we only produce 25- or 50-watt bulbs'. Initially one may tend to regard this sort of thing as exceptional, but after a while one learns that any remark, however innocently intentioned, implying a criticism against any conceivable aspect of life—be it the slowness of the waiters, the cheap sentiment of a film, or the pompous arrogance of a Leipzig professor—is taken as a wilful slight against the Republic which must immediately and effectively be refuted.

Comical Competition

Sometimes this excessive urge to score a counterpoint in the East versus West game becomes comical. A group of youth officials accompanied me to the Leipzig main station, a huge edifice separated from the centre of the town by a three-lane street and a maze of tram-lines. Before the war this must have been one of the most crowded places in the town; now there are only a few cars rushing by. In a tone of relief, I remarked that it was possible here to cross the street without any fear of being run over by an avalanche of cars as was the case where I came from. To this, without a trace of irony, a staunch comrade replied: 'You just wait till 1965. With all the Wartburg cars produced by then you will have to watch your step'.

Any attempt at serious conversation or even a mere exchange

of information is bound to get bogged down if the man you are talking to happens to be a loyal activist. As long as the régime puts a premium on people shaped according to this pattern one has to expect the sciences and arts in the German Democratic Republic to become even duller and more dogmatic than they are already.

Some of the 'top' people seem to recognize this danger. For obvious reasons they are mentally and psychologically better prepared for visitors from West Germany than the rank and file. Because of their high position in the machine they enjoy the privilege of being able to tell funny stories about the shortcomings of the régime. We talked about the apathy and inertia among their loyal supporters resulting from what I called constant regimentation: 'Recently', I was told, 'we had an exhibition in Leipzig called "Apprentices of today—Masters of tomorrow", showing the collective achievements of apprentices in different trades'. One group of young carpenters had designed a scale model of a new type of cow-stall. In order to make their product more attractive they had added two or three plastic models of cows. It appears that Ulbricht, the First Secretary of the Socialist Unity Party, had paid an impromptu visit to the exhibition and he had had a look at the model cow-stalls. He had given one furious gasp and then demanded to see a representative of this carpenters' collective. It turned out that they had put the plastic cows not into the compartments reserved for them but into the storage-room for hay. They could have prevented this mistake just by going round to the Institute of Agriculture for expert advice. 'But why go to all this trouble', they must have thought, 'we have done a good job of carpentry, and agro-technique is not our line'. Unfortunately, my informant told me, this attitude is still common.

It is the essential ambiguity of this kind of story which makes talks with 'top' people of the East German Republic so fascinating a pastime. Was my informant really trying to prove that Ulbricht is an omniscient genius? Probably so, but there is no reason to assume that he was not aware of the logical conclusion to be drawn: that the slackness he complained of was a natural product of a system geared to a genius of this kind.

Cover for Unwillingness to Discuss

Yet all this apparent garrulous sincerity and frankness proves, after a while, to be nothing but a cover for the unwillingness of the 'top' men to discuss political—or, even worse, ideological—issues. If you try to draw them into a political argument it just shows bad taste or naivety on your part. Yet one can be reasonably certain that their lack of interest is due not so much to an inferiority complex as to their solid conviction that power, and not political or ideological issues, is the thing that really counts.

What holds true for representatives of the higher echelons holds true also for the average student or member of the young intelligentsia—only the motives are different. The young intelligentsia shy away from talking openly about political issues because they are afraid: in contrast to the early fifties it is no longer the fear of being arrested. Arrests nowadays are likely only in instances of organized opposition. Times have changed, and what they dread now is the possibility of being sent down from the university, of losing their job or at least of being stigmatized as potential oppositionists with the prospect of coming to a dead-end in their careers.

But there remains a number of topics which intellectual youth does care to discuss. They are passionately interested in factual information about life in the West. The cinema, the bureaucratization of trade unions, modern literature, the urbanization of the countryside, university reforms, and so on—all these subjects have the advantage of sounding unpolitical although actually they are highly political. There are only too many aspects of life in the West about which people in East Germany have very vague notions indeed. It is rather difficult, especially for students and members of the young intelligentsia, to obtain a travel permit. The East German mass media do not inform at all. Western broadcasts are heard but are regarded as a poor substitute for newspapers: their approach is considered to be too propagandistic and the information they offer cannot be detailed because of the time limit.

It takes the privacy of a room with all the doors closed to get young people in East Germany to talk sincerely and straight. 'Organized opposition', they say, 'no longer represents a meaningful alternative to acquiescence or active co-operation. People who are really fed up with the régime do not join opposition groups: for one thing because there are hardly any left and also because the easiest way out is to take a train to East Berlin and from there to defect to the West. People in the West may wonder why the Polish and Hungarian example did not catch on over here. One reason is that the active oppositional elements have already gone. Even more important is the fact that we have not the slightest chance of copying the Polish model.'

'Even if one could assume', the argument goes, 'that an upheaval would be successful—and the assumption itself is illusory—this would have the effect of an *Anschluss*; that is, of the German Democratic Republic being incorporated into West Germany. We are not so fond of this idea as you may think. All right, Ulbricht and his gang happen to be scoundrels, but your way of life is no solution either. It lacks purpose and in many respects it's just a sham. Just take your shop-window culture. Agreed that there are still a lot of things which are extremely expensive and of poor quality, or which you simply cannot buy over here. But your whole retail trade and the organization of services is overblown and devoid of any human aspects. You should visit one of our state-owned restaurants run by a collective of young people. They refuse to take tips, not because they are



Apprentices in the trade-school of an engineering works in East Germany

shaped by almost fifteen years of Communist government. These slogans may still be cherished by the inarticulate layers of society—but they have no relevance for those groups which would be able to formulate their views, if given a chance to do so.

Many or even most of the institutions introduced in East Germany since 1945 are considered permanent and even positively good. People, especially young people, do not object to the social changes that have come about; but to the stifling atmosphere of repression and political bigotry with which they are associated. A student of economics, as good an oppositionist as anyone, gave me an example of this disparity between the principles and the actual workings of the system—a disparity reflected in the people's minds.

'Most of our big state-owned industrial enterprises', he said, 'nowadays employ artists—musicians, painters, sculptors, and so on. It is their full-time job to instruct interested workers in the basic techniques of their craft, in this way giving them an opportunity to detect and develop their potential artistic faculties. I don't think that anyone can object to this institution introduced by the régime. Recently, however, there was an exhibition showing paintings done by workers in their leisure time under the guidance of their art instructor. One of the most striking paintings bore the title "Child with Keys", and it represented a young boy trying to open the door to his parents' flat. It was meant as a symbol of our high rate of housewife employment and hence of our youngsters being without parental care after school hours. One would have supposed that this painting fitted perfectly well into the pattern of socialist realism. The local party secretary, however, protested vehemently: cases like this, he said, are an exception rather than the rule. There are quite enough kindergartens available. So the picture was withdrawn. Fortunately, however, the art instructor found a solution which pleased the party secretary and at the same time made it possible for the painting to be included in the exhibition again. The title was changed to "West German Child with Keys". That's our problem in a nut-shell', said the student. 'The basis, art courses for workers, is sound, but the superstructure, the fanaticism of our *apparatchiks*, remains silly.'

That this disparity does exist at all in people's minds should, in a way, be considered as a sign of stability; until three or four years ago the East Germans made no distinction between the principles and the reality of the system—both were regarded as highly detestable. At that time they were complaining that they, that is the régime, were building heavy industries while we, the people, lacked the most simple amenities of life. Nowadays one regularly comes across the phrase: 'We are building heavy industries by the dozen and still there is a shortage of nails or tyres'. It is not much of a change perhaps, but it is still a change.

—Third Programme



A street scene in East Berlin: the poster shows Herr Walter Ulbricht, East German Communist leader, greeting Mr. Khrushchev

The Prime Minister as an Elected Monarch

By R. W. K. HINTON

WHEN I suggest that the best name for our constitution is 'elective monarchy' it is not out of a secret wish to change the constitution. I think our constitution is a very good one and only wish to describe it more accurately. Words do matter. They are the tools with which we manipulate ideas, and political ideas require to be handled accurately. While new countries with fully fledged constitutions spring up all round us, many of them modelled more or less closely on ours, our constitution deserves the most exact definition we can give it. Democracy is not a very useful word as we use it nowadays. 'Democratic' seems to mean anything from 'egalitarian', which is what it means when we speak of a democratic society, to 'just', which is what it means when people sometimes speak of an action being democratic. Often it is simply a synonym for free, so that the world is sometimes said to be divided into democracies and dictatorships, as if these were the only two kinds of political organization.

Low Ebb in Political Thought

Words are useful when they enable us to make distinctions, but this woolly terminology prevents them and is one of the reasons why political thought is at a low ebb nowadays. For example, there are important differences between the French, American, and British constitutions, and to call them all democracies is to obscure their distinguishing characteristics. Moreover, democracy is an old term: but for more than 2,000 years it was a term for a bad kind of constitution; only in the last hundred years has it become a term of praise. This reversal of meaning has made all the good old political thought, from Plato to the eighteenth century, look in some way remote and defective, as if the old thinkers, clever as they were, were somehow missing the one obvious important truth: so that you find schoolboys making excuses for Plato and Aristotle; while the modern debate on contemporary political problems suffers from undernourishment because it cannot draw on the rich debates of the past.

But perhaps our constitution is not a democracy. If democracy means anything exact it means government by the people. All government is *of* the people, and all good government is *for* the people, but only democratic government is *by* the people. In Britain the people may be sovereign but they do not govern. They elect a prime minister to govern for them. Government by a single person is monarchy, and it is because the prime minister is the real ruler that I think our constitution ought to be called a monarchy. We recognize this in practice when we vote. We vote for a man who is to be prime minister or for a set of ideas with which he is associated. It is possible to vote effectively—and many people do—without knowing anything about the local candidate except his name; his personality and ideas are not important. It is the ideas and personalities of the men who are candidates for the position of prime minister which are important. And when we have elected a prime minister that man rules until the next general election.

For look next at the prime minister's power. Since a prime minister without a majority in the House of Commons is an impossibility, he is in a position to make any law he thinks fit. The House of Lords cannot stand against the House of Commons; the Queen's consent is, as far as one can see, automatic; and the constitution puts no limit to what a parliamentary law can do. Without a written constitution and without even a constitution which is held to be fixed, any law made in parliament is absolutely binding. No court of law would dream of resisting an act of parliament. There is not even in this country any considerable body of opinion which holds that an act of parliament would be invalid if it conflicted with the law of nature or the law of God: our political thinking has no place nowadays for higher laws than acts of parliament. So the parliamentary power of the prime

minister with his automatic majority in the House of Commons is completely irresistible. It is in fact an arbitrary power; a power which in former days in the hands of hereditary kings might well have been called tyrannical.

Diplomacy outside Parliament

But the prime minister's parliamentary power is not all his power. He has also a large measure of power which is not parliamentary, the power of the prerogative, a power all the greater because ill defined. The prime minister does not require a parliamentary majority to declare war, and all his diplomacy is done outside parliament. There is also the domestic prerogative which we generally see being exercised by the home secretary. The home secretary acts under the prerogative when he pardons criminals. He can also rest on the prerogative when there is a question of public security. There was an example of this a few years ago when the home secretary was questioned in the House of Commons concerning the tapping of private telephone conversations. Some members demanded a full explanation, but the home secretary said: 'No, sir, I am not prepared to go into detail in this matter, which derives from the prerogative and which is a power that I should exercise at my discretion'. Members did not like that answer, but the home secretary stuck to it. 'Any government', he said, 'must take precautions to secure public order and the security of the state. There is no question of there being any enlargement of powers which are an acknowledged part of any government and which do not form a very suitable subject for public debate'.

The prime minister is really two persons in one, a king as well as the leader of the major party in the House of Commons. Our constitution says that he is the Queen's servant, her chief minister, but it also says that the Queen is bound to accept his advice. He has inherited the prerogative power from a long line of kings who for centuries jealously guarded it and often exercised it, and he has joined to it the parliamentary power which the Houses of Parliament asserted for five or six centuries against the king's prerogative. The prerogative and the parliamentary powers taken together give the prime minister at least as much power as any other ruler of the present day and probably more than any English ruler of the past.

This does not mean that the prime minister's power is unlimited, but there are no constitutional limits to his power, only prudential ones of the sort which all wise rulers are careful to observe. What our constitution does is to persuade the prime minister to be wise, because if he behaves in practice as arbitrarily as he can in theory, he ceases to be prime minister.

Last Word in the Cabinet

Yet even in practice he has a good deal of freedom. The constitution gives him a cabinet, and it is undoubtedly convenient for him to carry the cabinet with him in his decisions. Yet the ministers who form the cabinet are appointed by him in the same way as the king's council in former days was appointed by the king. Every monarch must take advice, prime ministers no less than kings. But there is no doubt that the prime minister has the last word in the cabinet just as kings had the last word in the council. Again, the prime minister must not provoke a rebellion among his followers in the House of Commons. That is a real restraint but a more remote one than we perhaps like to imagine. For a revolt of the prime minister's own party would not put the rebels in power but the opposition, and a prime minister would have to act very provocatively before his party would be willing to do that.

Again, the prime minister wishes to be re-elected at the next election and therefore he must avoid antagonizing the people at large; but this, too, is a less severe restraint than one might think.

He has come to power with a wide and generally imprecise mandate. It is unavoidable in a two-party system that each candidate for the position of prime minister will stand for a general set of ideas rather than a few exact ones. Therefore if a prime minister does one thing which his electors do not like, this does not mean that they will elect next time a rival candidate who is likely to do three or four things which they will not like. In any case the need to keep the people in a good temper is more likely to operate negatively in preventing the prime minister from doing something which he would like to do than in positively compelling him to do something which he does not want to do. Since all rulers depend ultimately on the consent of the people, whatever their theoretical powers, these limitations are little more of a restraint than those which limited the power of hereditary monarchs in past times.

Above all one must remember that to oust one prime minister is merely to put in another. The constitution does not allow the people to change the powers of the prime minister but only the person who exercises them. No prime minister is likely to desire less power than his predecessor and, therefore, five-yearly changes of government do not make the prime minister any less of a monarch.

Democracy—a Rare Form of Government

Democracy is a much rarer form of government than is often supposed. Democracy is possible in a pure form only in small societies where all the members can meet, and where they all agree as to the end in view, understand the difficulties, and have an equal knowledge as to how to overcome them. Thus in a tennis club all the members can meet with a common aim and a common understanding of the situation, and can vote for a course of action binding on all. That is pure democracy: the people are governing themselves. In large states of millions of people who cannot meet, who have no clearly defined common object, and who cannot equally understand their problems, democracy has to operate indirectly through elected assemblies. The signs of democracy in large states with elected assemblies are frequent elections, a multi-party system, exact mandates, plural voting, and governments which are party coalitions forming and reforming according to the particular object aimed at at any moment. If such a government wishes to impose a tax, it may have to win the support of a group of representatives who have been elected on a no-tax platform. If it has ideas about educational reform, it may have to take account of the representatives who have been elected with specific instructions concerning education. To win the support of one party for one purpose it may well find itself bound to accede to that party's demands for another purpose, and its policy will, therefore, follow fairly closely demands which the people themselves have formulated. In such a state it may be said that the people govern themselves, and therefore the constitution may be called a democracy. That was the French system until the late constitutional revolution—obviously entirely different from the British system. To lump together that system and the British system under the name of democracy is, therefore, to obscure what most British people probably regard as the merits of the British system.

Sometimes the British system is called constitutional or limited monarchy, but those terms are unrealistic. We have not had limited monarchy since the days of Queen Victoria or earlier. Monarchy and royalty are totally different things. Monarchy is a term of political analysis meaning government by a single person. Royalty refers to status and is a matter of inheritance and blood. The Queen is royal but she does not govern and therefore she cannot properly be called a monarch. At the present day the greatest constitutional or limited monarchy would appear to be the Federal Government of the United States. The American president's position is correctly likened to that of the English king in the time of William III. William III had great powers: he was the head of the executive branch of government, he was head of the armed forces; he appointed whom he liked to serve him and he took advice from whom he liked. He was limited because after 1688 the House of Commons and the House of Lords also had great powers, and although he was responsible for governing the country he could not govern it in opposition to the wishes of the Houses of Parliament. That seems to be the

president's position in the Federal constitution of the United States. Its characteristic is that the supreme political power is shared between a single man and the elected representatives of the people. But we have changed all that. The British prime minister combines the powers of the single man and of the elected assembly, and that is why I see nothing for it but to call him a monarch.

The Queen's Greatest Glory

This does not mean that the Queen's part in our constitution is unimportant. It is very important. Queen Elizabeth I said that she accounted it the greatest glory of her reign to have ruled with her people's love. Queen Elizabeth II will say the same. Rulers who value the people's love are more likely to rule sincerely and well than those who simply value their votes. One of the virtues without which our system would be insupportable is that the prime minister in some sort shares in this regal sentiment when he takes over the regal power. In past times when people discussed the advantages and disadvantages of hereditary monarchy they found that one of the advantages was that a hereditary ruler was not swayed from moment to moment by gusts of popular opinion, but could govern sternly and look to the future. The hereditary king was supposed to be able to recognize, however dimly and fallibly, the general long-term interest of the whole people; he did not have to govern in the interests of particular sections of the people or even in the interest of a single generation. It was not a bad argument. Rulers who govern in that spirit probably do govern better than those who are led to think too much about the next general election. British prime ministers should seek votes, yet the tradition that they are the Queen's servant is a powerful though intangible influence.

I hope it will not be thought ridiculous to say that the people still accept that tradition, even if they do not recognize it for what it is; and that they expect the prime minister to rise on occasion above the demands of vote catching and to act more responsibly, more conscientiously, and with a greater regard for long-term good than if he was simply a president whose chief aim was to be re-elected after five years. It is the Queen who keeps this tradition alive by imparting some of her transcendent sense of duty to the man who has taken her power, and it may well be that without a royal person it would die.

Peaceful Rebellion

It is perfectly true when all is said and done that British constitutional conventions include the idea of the sovereignty of the people. This is not incompatible with the idea of the sovereignty of the Queen, or with the idea that the prime minister is a monarch. It is possible to assert the sovereignty of the people even in absolute hereditary monarchies, and in fact popular sovereignty was often asserted in former times as a justification for rebellion against kings. That is exactly what the sovereignty of the people involves in Britain today—not armed rebellion but the peaceful rebellion which takes place at every general election.

—Third Programme

PAINTING OF THE MONTH

The first of this important series of talks

Sir Philip Hendy on Uccello's picture

'St. George and the Dragon'

will be published in THE LISTENER next week

Subsequent talks will be printed

after they are broadcast

The Listener

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Repertory in England

GARDENERS know that one delight of autumn is the budding of certain flowers, particularly attractive perennials like the dahlia or michaelmas daisy, which can help to off-set the gloom of so many fine summer plants that are dying. Certainly the English repertory theatre is at the moment in the depths of autumn. In the last two years, as the most recent annual report of the Arts Council noted, more and more theatres have been forced to close their doors, and to do so at such well-populated places as Leicester, Southampton, Croydon and Sunderland. In the general struggle of the arts to survive during the nineteen-fifties, English repertory companies would seem to have fared even less well than museums or orchestras. Yet, despite these misfortunes, many repertories are at the present time as full of promise and creative activity as Mr. Jens Arup implies in his article in THE LISTENER today.

Mr. Arup considers in some detail the problems facing the manager of a repertory company. Most of these, from the choice of plays performed to the way they are staged and dressed (or even acted, through lack of rehearsal-time), are dominated by shortage of money. There is no scarcity of talent among our actors and actresses; and the number of successful plays that could be put on grows longer with each year's output of dramatic writing. But there is a lack of patronage both behind the scenes and 'out front'. Last year there was a further serious decline in the size of average audiences. The Secretary-General of the Arts Council has suggested that one reason for this is the expansion of hire purchase commitments, which have caused 'peripheral economies in the family budget' including 'a customary weekly visit' to a repertory theatre. Another reason, however, is undoubtedly the competition of other media of entertainment, particularly television, although it must be remembered how often the way for putting on some particular play at a local theatre may have been prepared by an earlier B.B.C. television performance. The chances of success for a tragedy by Ibsen may have been improved, for instance, by *Peer Gynt* having reached into the homes of the potential theatre-goers of the district in the preceding months.

The citizens of Coventry and Nottingham have shown that they still feel the living theatre has a decisive function in their midst. It is to be hoped that the citizens of other towns in England will follow their example. A powerful case can be made out for the national assistance of repertory as a whole. The £100,000 which the Arts Council asked for last year is more necessary now than ever. But, in long term, as with the needs of our non-national museums and picture galleries, it can also be argued that the local inhabitants of a district, acting corporately, are the people who can best give their support. Miss Horniman saw this in the early days of the repertory theatre movement when she started it. She was experimenting at the Gaiety Theatre in Manchester, and during 1907 she circulated a letter to the city's newspaper editors. In it Miss Horniman said: 'Drama falls dead unless the public give their aid . . . I hope to bring forward new authors as well as to revive classics, but it depends on the people of Manchester whether or not this can be done.'

What They Are Saying

Africa and Cyprus

MOSCOW RADIO has been continuing its attacks on British rule in Kenya. A transmission in English for Africa said that over 4,000,000 Africans had been herded into reservations, while all the fertile land was reserved for the settlers. On an average each African had less than three acres of bad land and each European about 500 acres of good land. The African town-workers were 'savagely exploited and discriminated against', and their wages were often ten and thirty times lower than those of whites. Ninety-four per cent. of the Kenya population remained illiterate. The Soviet commentator said that the African representatives at the Kenya Conference in London realized that only in a free and independent Kenya could they 'put an end to the backwardness and poverty'. The broadcaster concluded:

It is hard to deny the Africans of Kenya these legitimate and just demands. Britain now has an opportunity of confirming her repeated statements that she does not block the self-determination of the people. Otherwise she will prove once again that British policy with respect to the African peoples is a colonialist one.

Another Moscow broadcast in English for Africa called the Monckton Commission 'political salesmen', whose methods resembled those of 'a certain type of people in picturesque oriental markets who hustle around in soiled gowns, their greedy eyes gloating over customers'. This somewhat far-fetched comparison with Asian traders was justified by the Russian commentator on the grounds that while 'oriental salesmen' use their voices the Monckton Commission uses pen and ink, but for the same purpose—to deceive.

Yet another Moscow transmission in English for Africa discussed the Conference of African Peoples which opened in Tunis on Monday. The commentator said that the colonialists had divided and weakened the people of Africa, and he went on:

The territory in which the Somali people live has been partitioned between France, Britain and Italy; Cameroun has been torn into two parts. The Ewe people are living on the territories of three countries—independent Ghana, the trust territory of Togo, and Dahomey, a member of the French community. Being divided, the peoples of Africa find it harder to overcome such monopoly octopuses as the United Africa Company, the Compagnie Française de L'Afrique Occidentale, the Selection Trust, and others which are avidly sucking the vital forces of the African continent.

The Soviet broadcaster concluded by saying that the Tunis conference will 'further strengthen the unity and solidarity of the Africans in their struggle'.

The mysterious 'Voice of Truth' radio station has broadcast in Greek a long commentary about the London talks on Cyprus. The commentator said that the British colonialists, with the support of the Americans, were threatening that the transfer of powers would be postponed if their demands were not accepted, and he went on:

If the London conference has so far stumbled over the question of bases, it is not because there was any lack of readiness on the part of the Karamanlis Government in Greece once again to subordinate the Cypriot and more general national interests to the will of its allies. It is because both the Karamanlis Government and Makarios are obliged to take into account the resistance of the Cypriot and, more generally, the Greek people.

The commentator then quoted a correspondent of Athens News Agency who, 'expounding the British view', had reported that, in case of war, the 144 square miles which Britain was asking for in Cyprus would be considered insufficient. The transmission went on:

Everything that the Left has denounced right from the beginning, both in Cyprus and in Greece, concerning the disastrous consequences for Cyprus of the retention of British bases, is, in effect, embodied in these few lines which you have just heard.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

EDINBURGH'S MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD

THE ROOMS OF AN eighteenth-century house in Hyndford's Close, along Edinburgh's Royal Mile, are occupied by a museum of childhood. MAURICE LINDSAY spoke from Scotland about this recently in 'The Eye-witness'.

'On the first floor of the museum', he said, 'there are toys, games, and dolls. There is a dressed-up model of the boy Bubbles from the famous picture by Millais, a wax model of Lord Kitchener and, among many others, little Miss Greece, a Greek grave doll made some 2,200 years ago, and little Miss Revlon, a shapely American plastic dressing doll, which in 1958 became the first gift to the museum from an overseas visitor. The first walking doll, made in the United States in 1862 and marketed as a patent, may also be inspected, permanently at rest now in a glass case.

'The second floor is given over to pastimes and games. My attention was drawn to a basket of flowers made of sea-plants by youthful hands in 1840, and by an Indian ball game of 1800, no doubt brought home by some paternal empire builder to a child whose pride in its uniqueness must have been delightful. Here, too, I saw the "fleas' wedding"—a little open-fronted case, half the size of one's thumb nail, containing two tiny figures in wedding attire.

'The third floor contains children's medicines that were brought out for remedial use on Boxing Day a century ago, and also the masterpiece of this whole wonderful collection: Stanbrig Eorls, the largest real dolls' house in the country. Originally modelled after the Elizabethan mansion of that name in Berkshire, it was begun by Miss Graham Montgomery of Kinross, the last representative of an old Scots family, in 1897 when she was four, and developed to become her life's interest. Its eighteen rooms have everything that could be found in a real mansion, even to electricity and hot and cold running water. A few weeks before her death last year Miss Montgomery bequeathed Stanbrig Eorls, with its 2,000 pieces, to the Museum of Childhood.

'The fourth floor of the museum contains children's books and "comics", and here the Sweeney Todds, the Dixon Hawkes, the Master and Miss Bunters and all the rest of them have their memorials.

'There are more than 12,000 exhibits in the museum: boats, guns, farmyards, Noah's arks, engines, models of all kinds, everything in fact with which Santa Claus has delighted his Scottish believers for the past century and a half—everything that made



In the Museum of Childhood, Edinburgh: three of the hundreds of dolls in the collection—

bright and memorable the childhood days of men and women dead this seventy years and more. If I were to choose the one exhibit that intrigued me most, I think it would be the "New Game of Human Life, With Rules for Playing, being the most agreeable and rational recreation for the youth of both sexes".'

A ROYAL BIRTH IN 1486

'It was a great occasion when the first heir to the new Tudor dynasty was expected in 1486', said DOROTHY VINTER in 'Woman's Hour' from the West Region. 'Henry VII, with a very doubtful claim to the crown, had fought for and won the throne of England. He had married Elizabeth, the eldest niece of the defeated king, Richard III, who had been killed on Bosworth Field, and so the marriage united the rival houses of York and Lancaster—the white and red roses. Henry was anxious that their first child should be born at Winchester, the capital of the old Saxon kingdom of Wessex, and if it should be a boy that he should be called Arthur after the famous British hero-king.

'Elizabeth was only just twenty-one, a beautiful and gentle girl with hair of pale gold and with a clear, wild-rose complexion. She enjoyed playing on her lute, practising archery, flying her goshawk, or walking with her spaniels and greyhounds, dancing and playing cards, or eating candied fruit in her little arbour at Windsor.

'When the birth of the first child was drawing near, Henry went on a tour of the western counties and visited Worcester, Gloucester, and Bristol, hunting and disporting himself merrily on his way. He gradually approached Winchester, where his wife Elizabeth had been left at the Castle and where many preparations had been made by her mother-in-law, Margaret Beaufort, for the important event.

'The Queen's bedroom was to be hung with blue cloth embroidered with golden *fleur-de-lis*. Even the ceiling and the windows were to be covered in the same way "alle except one Windowe so she may have lighte when it pleaseth her". The floor was to be laid over and over with carpets, and on these was set a small pallet for the actual birth. Near it stood the grand, royal bed to be used later. This was a magnificent affair, with a canopy of crimson satin embroidered with golden crowns and



—and the miniature Nuremberg kitchen with which German mothers once demonstrated to their daughters the art of cooking

decorated with a silk fringe of blue, russet and gold. The bed-linen consisted of two pairs of fine muslin sheets, two headsheets of cloth-of-gold furred with ermine, and two long and two square pillows filled with down. The mattress was to be stuffed with wool and over it a featherbed was to be laid. Over it all the counterpane was spread, of scarlet trimmed with ermine. Four cushions of crimson damask and cloth-of-gold were also provided for the time when the Queen was able to sit in her great chair of state again. Elizabeth herself received a cloak of crimson velvet lined with ermine to wear about her in her pallet.

'The September day on which the delicate little Prince Arthur was born was violently stormy, and the Earl of Oxford, one of the godparents, was delayed by the weather and by the bad roads, and kept everyone waiting for three hours in the cold cathedral. Fortunately, special arrangements had been made, thanks to the grandmother's forethought. A small chapel had been screened off in which stood a pan of coals to warm the room well beforehand, with herbs burning in it to provide a sweet scent. A cauldron of warm water and some silver basins had also been prepared to wash the child "if neade be". The font was lined with folds of soft linen and was set at a great height so that everyone might be able to see the christening without coming too close.

'On his return from the cathedral, the royal nursery was all ready for the baby prince, with two nurses to receive him, and with his own grooms, servers, and bakers standing by. The little wooden cradle was waiting, with its silver knobs and five silver buckles on each side for the swathing bands, its scarlet counterpane edged with fur and embroidered in gold. Three nursery-maids, called "rocksters", were appointed to rock it in turn. A large leather vessel to hold water also stood in the nursery, with a big chafer or saucepan for heating it, and near it were two large pewter basins for the nursery laundry'.

EAGLE-EYED

Talking in 'Today' (Home Service) ERIC ROBERTS reminded us that frost and snow make life hard for birds. 'Kitchen scraps are more than ever welcome then—not just tossed into the snow where they may disappear, but put out on a step or a window-sill that has been swept clear, and which will give us the added advantage of seeing garden birds at closer range than at any other time of the year. Nothing tames birds so much as bitter cold. And do not forget a shallow dish of water kept free of ice. In freezing temperatures, water often presents an even bigger problem for the birds than food, so they will be doubly grateful for a little thoughtful help in that direction, too'.

Mr. Roberts also gave the surprising information that an eagle can spot a rabbit from a distance of three miles, and keep it in focus until it has the animal in its talons. 'I know it sounds fantastic', he said in a subsequent broadcast, 'but this story will show that I am not exaggerating. One day, Mr. E. H. Eaton, a well-known ornithologist, was standing on the edge of a lake, and he saw directly above him an eagle flying at a tremendous height. As he watched, the

eagle suddenly went into a dive, and without the slightest deviation from its course, it flew straight down towards the far shore and picked up a fish it had clearly spotted from all that distance away. At the end of the dive, the bird was so far off that Mr. Eaton had some difficulty in picking out the fish it now had in its talons even though he was using powerful binoculars; and when he made a careful measurement of the distance between the point in the sky where the eagle first saw the fish, and the spot where it picked it up on the shore, he found it came to just about three miles.

'A gannet, too, can dive from several hundred feet and, with unerring accuracy (even though its speed in the dive is more than 100 miles an hour), can pick up a fish swimming just beneath the surface.

'Not all birds are eagle-eyed, but their sight is extraordinarily good—better, in fact, than any other animal's. It is a surprising experience, for example, to walk down a gravel path with a tame raven on your arm, and to find it suddenly fly off and pick up a microscopic crumb of bread that it has been able to see lying amongst the gravel some yards ahead. Another way in which a bird's eye is so much more efficient than ours is in its ability to detect a change of angle. We can only see the widening or narrowing of an angle provided the difference is not less than about one degree, but a bird can detect a difference of as little as half a degree, or less. That is partly why it can

land with such superb judgment on the narrowest ledge.

'One of the most remarkable things about a bird's eye is its size. We are very conscious of this in the case of owls, of course, but it is equally true with other birds, where the greater part of the eye is hidden in the head. In some instances, in fact, the eyes are so large and so deeply set that the backs of the eyeballs actually roll on each other when the eyes are moved. The common or garden sparrow is one of the species in which this happens.

'Can a bird cry? I do not mean cry out; I mean shed tears. One would expect them to be able to do so because the tear glands in the eyes of all birds are fully developed; but there is only one species of bird that can weep—the flamingo. This beautiful creature has a tendency to burst into tears when it is frightened'.



Elizabeth of York, wife of King Henry VII, by an unknown artist
National Portrait Gallery



H. K. Whitford
The eye of a golden eagle, and (right), flamingoes, which, when frightened, 'have a tendency to burst into tears'



Ludwig Wittgenstein: a symposium

Assessments of the man and the philosopher

I—By ERICH HELLER

A CHINESE sage of the distant past was once asked by his disciples what he would do first if he were given power to set right the affairs of the country. He answered: 'I should certainly see to it that language is used correctly'. The disciples looked perplexed. 'Surely', they said, 'this is a trivial matter. Why should you deem it so important?' And the Master replied: 'If language is not used correctly, then what is said is not what is meant; if what is said is not what is meant, then what ought to be done remains undone; if this remains undone, morals and art will be corrupted; if morals and art are corrupted, justice will go astray; if justice goes astray, the people will stand about in helpless confusion'.

There is in Wittgenstein's philosophical concern with language a moral *elan* which puts him closer in spirit to that sage than to the mere technicians of linguistic analysis. He was convinced of the most intimate connexion between the quality of our speech and the quality of our living. He knew that the forms of language were deeply rooted in our nature, and spoke of 'deep disquietudes' caused by their misuse. Once he even said that the whole aim of his philosophy was to 'clear up the ground of language'. To him, as to the Chinese sage, this mattered above everything.

Austrian Roots

Wittgenstein came from Austria—as do the mottoes he chose for both his books, the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* and *Philosophical Investigations*. Strange to think that through Wittgenstein's mottoes at least one sentence each of the almost forgotten Austrian essayist Ferdinand Kürnberger and the profoundly domestic Johann Nestroy has become prescribed reading in most of the Anglo-Saxon departments of philosophy—of the very Nestroy who had no thought of tomorrow when night after night he amused the Viennese with his comic turns and verbal twists, and who once warded off the friendly advice to write something that would last, to do something for posterity: 'Why', he exclaimed, 'what has posterity done for me?' From Austria too came the satirist and poet Karl Kraus, who performed Nestroy on his one-man stage, revived the memory of Kürnberger, and published among many other books a volume called *Language*. Wittgenstein admired Karl Kraus as he admired no other writer of his time. It was a case of elective affinities. Like Karl Kraus, he was seldom pleased by what he saw of the institutions of men, and the idiom of the passers-by mostly offended his ear—particularly when they happened to speak philosophically; and like Karl Kraus he suspected that the institutions could not be but corrupt if the idiom of the race was confused, presumptuous and vacuous, a fabric of nonsense, untruth, deception, and self-deception.

Wittgenstein belonged to that astonishing generation of minds who, with all their differences, bear yet a common stamp: the indefinable but unmistakable mark of the end of the Austrian monarchy. It happened once before that the dissolution of a great empire brought forth men possessed of extraordinary spiritual energies; and at that time too, when the days of Rome were numbered, these men were largely Jews. Highly sophisticated minds seemed yet to be driven by a primitive passion of salvation. Think of Friedrich Adler. He appeared to all the world as if he had been born to be the intelligent, well-educated, good-mannered and efficient parliamentarian of a party of radical reform; but one day he turned political assassin, and, having killed the Minister of the Interior, delivered before his judges a prophetic indictment of Austrian politics. Or Otto Weininger, of whom Wittgenstein spoke with great respect: at twenty he was an immensely learned man and wrote his book *Sex and Character*. Its calm and lucid prose suggested that it was an essay in psychology. Yet it developed

the messianic ethics of asceticism to that extreme point where consistency borders on insanity; and its author shot himself soon afterwards.

Or remember Schönberg: rudely he broke off the ever-more strained conversation between personal sentiment and musical convention, and tried to save the integrity of the composer as well as the integrity of music by subjecting both to an exceedingly rigid mental discipline. Or Adolf Loos, the architect, whose teaching and example is clearly discernible in the mansion that Wittgenstein designed and built in Vienna: he conducted his campaign against the ornamental in architecture on behalf of the same truth.

Desire for Final Clarity

To cure the mind of the disease by shocking it into accepting the uncomfortable truth about itself: it seems unnecessary to say that also Sigmund Freud lived at that time, and in a place where the confusion of decline and fall filled the elect with the desire to lift the world into a sphere of final clarity. 'Only this could give me happiness'—it is an entry in Franz Kafka's diary. He, too, was a citizen of the Austrian monarchy.

The attainment of final clarity—for Wittgenstein this meant: to produce the philosophy to end all philosophy. There was a time when he thought he had achieved it with his *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*. He had built a system of the greatest logical subtlety, to emerge from it with a staggeringly simple solution: 'The riddle does not exist'. How not? Because there is, at least theoretically, an answer to every question: 'If a question can be put at all, then it can also be answered'. Was this an assertion of spiritual arrogance? Not in the slightest. It simply meant that unanswerable questions were no questions. The *Tractatus* had abolished philosophy by denying all questions of ethics and aesthetics and transcendental intuition the status of questions, leaving only those which to answer was in the theoretical power of science. And, assuming that science was to answer one day every possible question, how much would this do for us? Not much; for 'even if every possible scientific question were answered, the problems of our living would still not have been touched at all'; and they would not have been touched because they were and remain untouchable by science. And if all answerable questions had found their answers, what would be left? The vast realm of the 'unquestionable' and therefore unanswerable—the unsayable, 'of which one must be silent'. Does it exist? 'There is indeed the unsayable', says the *Tractatus*. How can we be sure? 'It shows itself, it is the mystical'. And philosophy will in the end 'mean the unsayable by clearly showing what can be said'; and having shown it, it will have reached its end.

It was Wittgenstein's hope that his work might bring some light into 'the darkness of our time'. For when language is not used correctly, the people will stand about in helpless confusion. Karl Kraus showed how this happened; and Wittgenstein, too, was an Austrian.

II—By M. O'C. DRURY

ANYONE WHO KNEW Wittgenstein at all well will appreciate the hesitation I feel in speaking about him. He would have found a panegyric extremely distasteful. But since his death there have grown up so many false legends about him and his teaching that I think it necessary for some of us who knew him well to try to give them their quietus.

Some people seem to think that Wittgenstein was a rather cantankerous, arrogant, tormented genius; content to dwell aloof in the profundity of his own speculations. That was not the man

at all. During the twenty years or so I knew him he was the most warm-hearted, generous, and loyal friend anyone could wish to have. Friendship meant a great deal to him. Two incidents come to my mind out of a host of similar memories. Wittgenstein looking for a birthday present for a friend and saying: 'You don't need a lot of money to give a nice present but you do need a lot of time'. Wittgenstein saying goodbye to me as I boarded a troop-ship for the Middle East, giving me a silver cup and saying: 'Water tastes so much nicer out of silver; there is only one condition attached to it—you are not to worry if it gets lost'.

Delightful Companion

He was a delightful companion. His conversation and interests extended over an immense range of topics. After I left Cambridge we seldom discussed specific philosophical problems. He preferred me to tell him about books I was reading or the medical problems I was at present engaged with. He had the ability to make one see a question in an entirely new light. For instance, I was telling him of some psychiatric symptoms that puzzled me greatly. Wittgenstein said: 'You should never cease to be amazed at symptoms mental patients show. If I became mad the thing I would fear most would be your common-sense attitude. That you would take it all as a matter of course that I should be suffering from delusions'.

Sometimes he liked me to read out loud to him, and he would comment on what we were reading: Frazer's *Golden Bough*, Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, Morley's *Life of Cromwell*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (he loved and revered old Dr. Johnson).

To watch Wittgenstein listening to music was to realize that this was something very central and deep in his life. He told me that this he could not express in his writings, and yet it was so important to him that he felt without it he was sure to be misunderstood. I will never forget the emphasis with which he quoted Schopenhauer's dictum: 'Music is a world in itself'.

Wittgenstein had a difficult temperament to contend with. No one knew this better than he himself. Nothing that has been said since about him has been half so scathing as his own self-criticism. Once when I was discussing a personal problem with him, he said to me: 'One keeps stumbling and falling, stumbling and falling, and the only thing to do is to pick oneself up and try and go on again. At least that is what I have had to do all my life'.

We were discussing the philosopher William James (Wittgenstein had a great admiration for James, and *The Varieties of Religious Experience* was one of the few books he insisted I must read). I said of James that I always enjoyed reading anything by him, he was so human in all he wrote. Wittgenstein replied: 'That is what makes him a good philosopher. He was a real human being'. And that is the first thing I want to say about Wittgenstein. He was a great philosopher because he was a very human person indeed.

A Misunderstanding

I find people writing and talking as if Wittgenstein knew little and cared less about the history of philosophy: as if he regarded his own work as abrogating all that had gone before him, and he confined all previous metaphysics to the limbo of the meaningless. This is a misunderstanding. In one of the earliest conversations I had with him he said: 'Don't think I despise metaphysics or ridicule it. On the contrary, I regard the great metaphysical writings of the past as among the noblest productions of the human mind'. I told him that what had first attracted me to study philosophy was seeing the title of Alexander's book, *Space, Time and Deity*. He understood at once. 'Of course, that is where the great problems of philosophy lie, space, time and Deity'.

We were discussing a suitable title for the book which later he called *Philosophical Investigations*. I foolishly suggested he should just call it 'Philosophy'. He was indignant. 'How could I take a word like that which has meant so much in the history of mankind; as if my writings were anything more than a small fragment of philosophy?' I do not think Wittgenstein would ever have spoken of his work as a 'revolution in philosophy'. It was a way of thinking for which he knew he had a special talent and which threw light on all the traditional problems of philosophy. He told me that he thought of using as a motto for the *Philosophical*

Investigations a quotation from King Lear: 'I'll teach you differences'.

Wittgenstein constantly urged his pupils not to take up an academic post and become teachers of philosophy. Though later he did admit to me that with regard to a few of his pupils he had been wrong; they had turned out to be excellent teachers. But certainly in my own case and in that of many others he was most emphatic that we must earn our livelihood in some other way. This advice of his has been misinterpreted. Wittgenstein never advised anyone to give up philosophy, if by that is meant thinking about first principles and ultimate problems. When I said goodbye to him for the last time at Cambridge and we both knew he had not long to live, he said to me with great seriousness: 'Drury, whatever becomes of you, don't stop thinking'.

Why, then, did he so strongly discourage his pupils from becoming teachers of philosophy? I think it was because Wittgenstein knew from his own experience that in philosophical thinking there are long periods of darkness and confusion when one just has to wait. In philosophy above all things there is a time to speak and a time to keep silent. Wittgenstein had a great horror of what Schopenhauer once described as 'professorial philosophy by philosophy professors': people having to go on talking when really they knew in their own heart that they had nothing of value to say.

When I was at Cambridge a friend of mine was studying for a doctorate in philosophy. After some period of research he decided that he had found nothing new to say on his chosen subject, and that the only honest thing to do was not to write a thesis. I remember how Wittgenstein's face lit up with pleasure when I told him of this decision. 'For that action alone', he said, 'they should give him his Ph.D.'. On several occasions Wittgenstein said to me: 'My father was a business man and I am a business man too; I want my philosophy to be business like, to get something done, to get something settled'.

Putting Bad Philosophers out of Business

Kant said that a great deal of philosophy reminded him of one person holding a sieve while the other tried to milk the he-goat. Wittgenstein wanted above all things to make an end of sieve holding and he-goat milking. I remember, after one particularly fatuous paper at the Moral Sciences Club, Wittgenstein exclaiming: 'This sort of thing has got to be stopped. Bad philosophers are like slum landlords. It's my job to put them out of business'. Talking about Spinoza, Wittgenstein said to me: 'Spinoza ground lenses, that must have been a great help to him in his thinking. I wish I had some purely mechanical skill like that by which I could earn my livelihood. Something I could do when I can't get on with my writing'. These were the considerations which made him advise his pupils not to become professional philosophers.

The final point I want to make about Wittgenstein is the one I find hardest to get across. It is concerned with the idea which for me is central in all his teaching. The idea which for me binds together in one volume the *Tractatus* and the *Philosophical Investigations*. Perhaps the best way to put it shortly would be this. Once Wittgenstein said to me of a certain writer that he was by far the greatest philosopher of the nineteenth century: he meant Søren Kierkegaard. Here are two short extracts from Kierkegaard's writings that seem to me to state this central idea in the best possible way. The first passage is taken from the *Journals*:

The majority of men in every generation, even those who, as it is described, devote themselves to thinking, live and die under the impression that life is simply a matter of understanding more and more, and that if it were granted to them to live longer, that life would continue to be one long continuous growth in understanding. How many of them ever experience the maturity of discovering that there comes a critical moment where everything is reversed, after which the point becomes to understand more and more that there is something which cannot be understood. This is Socratic ignorance and that is what the philosophy of our time requires as a corrective.

For me the whole weight of Wittgenstein's teaching is directed towards this corrective: 'We show the unspeakable by clearly displaying the speakable'. There is, I need hardly say, nothing obscurantist, woolly, or mystical about Wittgenstein's method. It

is as hard and incisive a piece of thinking as is to be found anywhere. But the whole driving force of the investigation is missed if it is not seen continually to point beyond itself.

The second passage from Kierkegaard is taken from one of the short discourses:

It is true as the understanding says that there is nothing to wonder at, but precisely for this reason is wonder secure, because the understanding vouches for it. Let the understanding condemn what is transitory, let it clear the ground, then wonder comes in in the right place, in ground that is cleared in the changed man. Everything appertaining to that first wonder the understanding can consume; let it do so, in order that enigmatically it may help one to wonder.

That was the secret of Wittgenstein. He made wonder secure. No one had such power to awaken again that primitive wonder

from which all great philosophy begins. No one had such power to shake the pillars of one's complacency. It was this that made a discussion with Wittgenstein such a refreshment. One evening not long before his death Wittgenstein quoted to me the inscription that Bach wrote on the title page of his *Little Organ Book*.

To the glory of the most high God, and that my neighbour may be benefited thereby.

Pointing to his own pile of manuscript, he said: 'That is what I would have liked to have been able to say about my own work'.

'To the glory of the most high God and that my neighbour may be benefited thereby'. I think that wish was granted him.

—From talks in the Third Programme

The two other contributions to the symposium, by Professor Norman Malcolm and Mr. Rush Rhees, will be published next week

An Interview with Lord Shawcross

JOHN FREEMAN questions a former Attorney-General on his life and work

Lord Shawcross was Attorney-General in the Labour Government from 1945 to 1951, President of the Board of Trade in 1951, and M.P. (Labour) for St. Helens until 1958

John Freeman: Lord Shawcross, you have made a great reputation both as a member of the Bar and as a politician, and I want to ask you a little about both of them, but, first, are you now a member of a political party?

Lord Shawcross: No, I left the Labour Party about eighteen months ago, rather quietly, and now I am completely detached from any political party and intend to remain so.

Freeman: So that that was a decision not only to quit a party but also to give up active politics?

Shawcross: Yes, except occasionally perhaps as a cross-bencher: I may intervene in things that I am particularly interested in, but not from a party political point of view. I would not say I had given up politics completely, but I have abandoned party politics.

Freeman: Why did you take this step: was it a matter partly, at least, of business expediency, or was it temperament, or was it political conviction, or what?

Shawcross: I don't want to get involved in a political argument about this, but it was a matter of political conviction, I think: there were certain matters which I thought important on which I did not agree with the Labour Party, I did not see how I could go along with them on their policy as it stood at that time, I saw no prospect of altering the policy, and I thought the best thing was to withdraw.

Freeman: Then it follows from that, presumably, that you might consider joining another party?

Shawcross: I don't think so. It is difficult to be sure, because circumstances change and events happen, but I certainly did not leave the Labour Party with the intention, as many people have been suggesting, of crossing the floor. I have not the remotest idea of 'crossing the floor'.

Freeman: For some years before you finally left the Labour Party and before you resigned from parliament it seemed that you had been taking a much less active part in parliament; and you are quoted as having said in 1951, when you returned to the Bar after being in the Government and did not do much on the

Opposition front bench, that it was the necessity to earn your living that dictated this; that is why I asked whether it was a matter partly of business expediency.

Shawcross: I don't think that was the consideration which led me to leave the Labour Party at all. Certainly one of the reasons why I didn't attend very well in the House of Commons in the period after 1951, when the Labour Party had left office,

was that I had to concentrate on earning my living; I worked hard at the Bar and it was difficult to be present in the House of Commons. But the Whips were very fair about that; they appreciated the difficulties, and I was not put under much pressure about it. At the end—I think it was about eighteen months or two years ago when I decided to leave—it was no longer a question of earning my living or not; I was indeed already in a rather easier position from that point of view. No, the reason I left was, as I say, that I did not agree with the whole of the Labour Party's policy and on certain matters that I thought important.

Freeman: So that your resigning from the Labour Party, or your failing at any rate to renew your membership of the Labour Party, and your retiring from politics were the same decision—they are not two separate things, the one dictated by political conviction and the other by convenience?

Shawcross: No.

Freeman: Do you find, after the experience of more than ten years in the House of Commons, that you are suited by temperament to party politics, or do you think there is a particular difficulty for the lawyer in parliament?

Shawcross: Yes, I think personally there is, and I am sure that I am not temperamentally suited to a party position. I enjoyed my time in the Labour Party, and in the Labour Government very much indeed; one was always actively doing a job, and one liked to think, I suppose, that one was doing the job well and achieving something. But when the Labour Party went into opposition I found that, I must confess, extremely tedious, I felt often that an opposition—whether it is a Labour opposition or a Tory opposition—feels itself compelled to criticize the man on the other side for doing what they would in fact themselves have done if they had been in his position; and I did not enjoy that. I think a lawyer in politics is in a difficult position; a lawyer is by training apt to speak from a brief, and if he speaks



Lord Shawcross in the B.B.C. television programme 'Face to Face'

simply from a brief as an advocate he is not being sincere. If, on the other hand, he is being sincere, his legal training is also a disadvantage because he tends to see both sides of the question, and a really successful politician should see only one side and believe passionately in that side; and I have never managed quite to do that.

Freeman: When you were Attorney-General in the Labour Government, particularly in the earlier days after 1945, I think you gave the impression that you did manage that; at any rate you were certainly a controversialist; I remember when on Monday mornings one used to read about your 'clangers' in weekend speeches almost every week. How do you reconcile this ability to see both sides with extreme partisanship?

Shawcross: Do you think I was very partisan in those days? I was full of enthusiasm and lacking in experience and I dropped the most frightful 'clangers'—I know that—and they were a great source of terror to me. I dreaded seeing the Monday morning newspapers as much as anybody, but on the whole I think I had a genuine belief in most of the things that I said, although I am afraid I often said them in a way which was calculated to lead to trouble.

Freeman: Do you remember the occasion, of which I have refreshed my memory, when Mr. Churchill (as he then was), I think in a moment of great anger provoked by you, said across the table of the House of Commons that it was not the first time that a party in difficulties had hired a pert attorney to put its case as effectively as possible? Was that a fair criticism or did you really have conviction?

Shawcross: I do remember the occasion now that you remind me of it, but I don't think really it was a fair criticism. First of all they did not hire me, because I had been a member of the Labour Party from a time before I became an attorney, and I believed generally in the principles of the Labour Party. I do still believe in their general principles although I disagree with a great deal of their policy. No, I don't think it was a fair comment to make, that I was a hired and pert attorney, although I dare say that I was unnecessarily pert sometimes.

Membership of the Monckton Commission

Freeman: You have been very much in the news recently by accepting membership of the Monckton Commission which is going to investigate the constitutional future of the Federation of Central Africa, and I would just remind you that the Labour Party has refused to join in this and there has been some criticism by the Labour Party because you have accepted this position. Would it be fair to say that you have accepted this as a complete independent?

Shawcross: Yes, I think that's very important to emphasize. I have been rather distressed about the criticism, but I felt that having detached myself from party politics and being in a completely non-party position it was really impossible to refuse a request by the Prime Minister to do something which he said was a matter of public duty to do. I personally regretted very much that the Labour Party had refused to do it on various grounds, including the obvious personal ground that if they had agreed to do it I should not have been asked to.

Freeman: In that case, I take it you do realize that in some sense, whatever your personal independence may be, you were asked because the Prime Minister thought that you still had the cachet of the Labour Party about you.

Shawcross: No, I don't think so at all. I made it clear to him, when I was asked, that that was not and could not be the position. I don't know why he asked me; I think he asked me because I was known to be an independent person, I was supposed to have some knowledge of constitutional law, and they want advice on that kind of problem; and he thought perhaps that I was a liberal-minded person. But I don't think he intended to, so to speak, masquerade me as a member of the Labour Party and I certainly do not intend to masquerade myself in that way.

Freeman: No, I think you have made your position clear completely about this: you are totally disassociated now. But I would like to explore the offer to this extent further, that since you have these obvious personal qualifications to sit on a commission of this kind, if you were not thought of as being primarily

a sort of pseudo-spokesman of the Labour Party, I wonder the Prime Minister did not make the offer to you earlier instead of waiting until the Labour Party had refused to take part?

Shawcross: That is a question I simply cannot answer. I know that there are some people who think he was doing something which was very Machiavellian; I personally don't believe it. I hope he didn't, and if he did he would be disappointed.

A Free Agent

Freeman: That leads me to the next point: you do regard yourself then as being completely a free agent in sitting on this commission?

Shawcross: Absolutely.

Freeman: And you are satisfied, for instance, that if you disagree with the rest of your colleagues you are in a position to produce a minority report?

Shawcross: Yes, there has been a lot of talk about the terms of reference but I do not ever remember a commission or a committee which felt itself prevented by its terms of reference from expressing in its eventual report what it thought it was necessary and proper to express. I certainly have no inhibitions about that. I may be in a minority, I don't know, I hope not—but I should not have the slightest hesitation in making a minority report if I felt that that was the right thing to do.

Freeman: You realize, without getting too technical about it, that the point at issue is whether the terms of reference of the commission permit it to recommend not how the Federation of Central Africa might be adjusted or modified, but conceivably how it might be abolished. Do you reckon you are free to recommend that if you want to?

Shawcross: Yes, I think it has been publicly said that the commission is free to entertain the views of any people on the whole future of the Federation, and I would certainly feel that I was completely free in that respect. I cannot speak on behalf of the commission but I am certainly free, and if I felt that was the right conclusion I should have no hesitation in saying so, and I have made that very clear.

Freeman: Obviously I am not going to try to anticipate in any way what sort of evidence you might hear, but I would like to ask one question which I think is fair—a general question of principle. It is this: supposing you find after listening to the evidence given to this commission that the responsible and representative African opinion you hear is universally and implacably opposed to federation altogether, would you then regard it as a matter of conscience that you should recommend against federation?

Shawcross: If I thought that the universal African opinion was to that effect and that it was right and practicable, certainly I would feel that, yes.

Freeman: But you are hedging a little because if the universal African opinion was to that effect, it would mean that the majority of opinion in the territory was to that effect. What I am anxious to discover is whether you would think that it was right to follow the majority opinion, even if it should disregard the views of the white settlers?

Shawcross: I really think I cannot answer that before hearing the evidence, but if I came to the conclusion that that was the universal opinion I certainly should not be deterred by the fact that a minority of settlers took a different view. But it's like listening to evidence in a court—it doesn't go entirely by counting of heads; although I think this country is in the end completely pledged to the view that the future of Africa must be settled in accordance with the will of the majority of the inhabitants.

Freeman: So that at some stage it will be a counting of heads?

Shawcross: To some extent I think that's true. I ought to say that you have been asking me these questions because of the personal criticism that there has been about my involvement in the commission. I don't want to get too much involved in a discussion of the work of the commission because I think all the members of the commission will probably feel that they ought not to make individual statements about this until the end of the day.

Freeman: I am not going to ask you any more about it, except an entirely ingenuous question, which is to ask whether you know anything much about Africa already?

Shawcross: No, I don't pretend to know a great deal. I have been there once or twice, and one of my ambitions, at one time, when I had political ambitions, was that if I had any Cabinet office after the one I eventually did hold, it might either be the Colonial Office or the Ministry of Education or the Foreign Office; and I have been tremendously interested in the question of the development of Africa because I think it was then, and is now, one of the most important problems that this country has to solve; and it is of course for this country, the United Kingdom parliament, in the end to resolve it.

Freeman: Quite. Now that you are out of what I call active politics altogether, you no doubt have not abandoned all the interests that you had in the past, and I would like to know what are the particular—shall I call them good—causes which you still vigorously and personally espouse?

The Death Penalty

Shawcross: That's a large question. I have by no means abandoned my interest in some of the things. I am chairman, for instance, of an organization called Justice, which is a non-party organization and interested in maintaining respect for the general rule of law and protecting the citizen and the individual against abuses of power by the bureaucracy: I am pretty actively concerned in that. I am very interested still in foreign affairs, particularly the question of the Atlantic Commonwealth; I am on various committees associated with that, I make speeches occasionally about it. I am interested in general questions of penal reform, various branches of the law; one I am much involved in at the moment is this question of contempt of court which has been rather in the public eye. I am still interested in the death penalty and in favour of the abolition of it. One of my regrets in politics was that I ever allowed myself to get involved in that absurd compromise bill, which maintained the death penalty for some offences and not for others.

Freeman: Looking back on that, you feel that it has not been a satisfactory compromise?

Shawcross: Yes. I remember I had to make a speech introducing the compromise measure, and Winston Churchill made what I thought was a devastating speech in reply. He pointed out that, on our proposals at that time, if you poisoned your wife quietly and comfortably you would be hanged; if you boiled her alive in her bath you would escape; and I don't think it is a thing about which you really can make any logical compromise.

Freeman: And you stand unequivocally on the side of abolition?

Shawcross: Yes, I am completely in favour of abolition.

Freeman: Regarding it as not an effective deterrent or merely because you think it is inhumane?

Shawcross: No, I don't think there is any evidence at all that it is an effective deterrent. I think that the practice of the death penalty is demoralizing and reduces respect for human life. I am not convinced that you can be absolutely certain that there is never a miscarriage of justice, and the death penalty is final—you can't recover your mistakes; and on the whole I don't think that it is of advantage socially. I have always held that view and I am afraid I am still convinced that this is the right view.

Freeman: How do you think that a man like Haig should be treated? He was in fact hanged.

Shawcross: I have taken part in a lot of murder cases on one side or the other and one becomes quite detached and objective about it: if the death penalty is the law, then I think that that was a case in which the law was properly applied. He was certainly not insane in my view, under the definition of what in criminal law amounts to insanity. No doubt, like I suppose most murderers, he was mentally abnormal and had a certain diminished degree of responsibility. That particular kind of man I think I would confine in prison for his life, or in some sort of penal establishment—somewhere where he would be kept out of mischief for the future. But I do not think any good is really done by hanging him.

Freeman: When you were at the Bar did you constantly feel a tug between your own personal conviction and your brief?

Shawcross: No. If you do feel that, being at the Bar would

drive you mad very quickly, and I think you develop an attitude of mind in which you become completely detached from any personal view about the rights or wrongs of the case you are appearing in. Sometimes I did have a strong personal conviction that somebody for whom I was appearing was right or wrong, and that was a worrying thing and made one terribly upset and anxious. It made the conduct of the trial a great anxiety, and if the result did not go the way you thought it ought to have gone, you were left with a feeling that you had not perhaps done your best and that there had been a miscarriage of justice. So I think one tends at the Bar not to take a personal view at all and to regard oneself simply as the spokesman for the particular client and as putting his case forward without any personal conviction whether it is a right case or a wrong case.

Freeman: Did you ever find that even doing what you have said, entirely scrupulously, there was a clash with your political affiliations? For instance I recall your defending Sir Bernard Docker when he was charged with breach of currency regulations of some kind. This was a thing which obviously came very near the political policy of the party that you were then affiliated with. Did you find that an embarrassing and difficult thing to do? Why did you do it, in fact?

Shawcross: No. I didn't feel it in the least embarrassing. One must never assume that one's client is guilty, and in fact the court did not find Sir Bernard so. But it is a terribly important rule at the Bar that a barrister must take any brief he is offered, however much he may dislike the client or the case, unless there is some personal association that prevents him. Some years ago, when I was chairman of the Bar Council, it was reported to us that in one of the colonial territories members of the Bar who were Europeans had been refusing to appear for some Africans who were accused of an offence—sedition or something of that kind—and we issued a strong statement that this was entirely wrong. If a barrister were entitled to refuse to do a case because of his political convictions, it might result in a person who was charged with a political offence never being able to get anybody to defend him at all if he represented a minority point of view, and that would be contrary to the tradition of the English Bar and most inimical to justice.

Early Aspirations

Freeman: You have had this dazzling career at the Bar—you started as an underpaid, no doubt, and perhaps relatively unsuccessful member of the Bar in Liverpool, and you have now had almost every honour that the law can offer; and one is tempted to think that this was all a carefully prearranged and planned thing, but I believe in fact it was not—you were going to be a doctor, weren't you, at one stage?

Shawcross: Yes, I intended originally to be a doctor, I actually got to the point of entering myself in a hospital, but I had to wait some time before I could get a place, I remember, and I was out at Geneva filling in time. I was supposed to be a student at the university there, when the first meeting of the Socialist International, after the first world war, took place. I had already joined the Labour Party and I thought it would be rather fun to attend this, so I offered my services as an interpreter, and I was duly appointed. There I got to know some of the leaders of the Labour Party, including Ramsay MacDonald, and that great character, J. H. Thomas. He thought it was rather amusing that this comparatively young boy should be acting as an interpreter and he took me a little under his wing. He said: 'Well, if you want to go into politics it's no good being a doctor, you won't have the time; the Bar's the thing'. And so I went to the Bar.

Freeman: Have you ever regretted the decision?

Shawcross: Yes; I think medicine must be an extraordinarily satisfying profession, and I am afraid I never felt quite the same about the Bar.

Freeman: Do you think you might have rather enjoyed being a doctor more?

Shawcross: I dare say I should have been a very bad doctor, but I think one must get more personal satisfaction out of curing somebody from disease than out of prosecuting someone and sending him to prison.—'Face to Face' (B.B.C. Television)

The English Repertory Theatre Today

By JENS ARUP

Mr. Arup has been discussing a number of English repertory theatres in 'Comment' (Third Programme). In this article he summarizes conclusions he reached in his broadcast talks

I WOULD like to begin by considering some of the typical problems which today face the manager of a weekly repertory company.

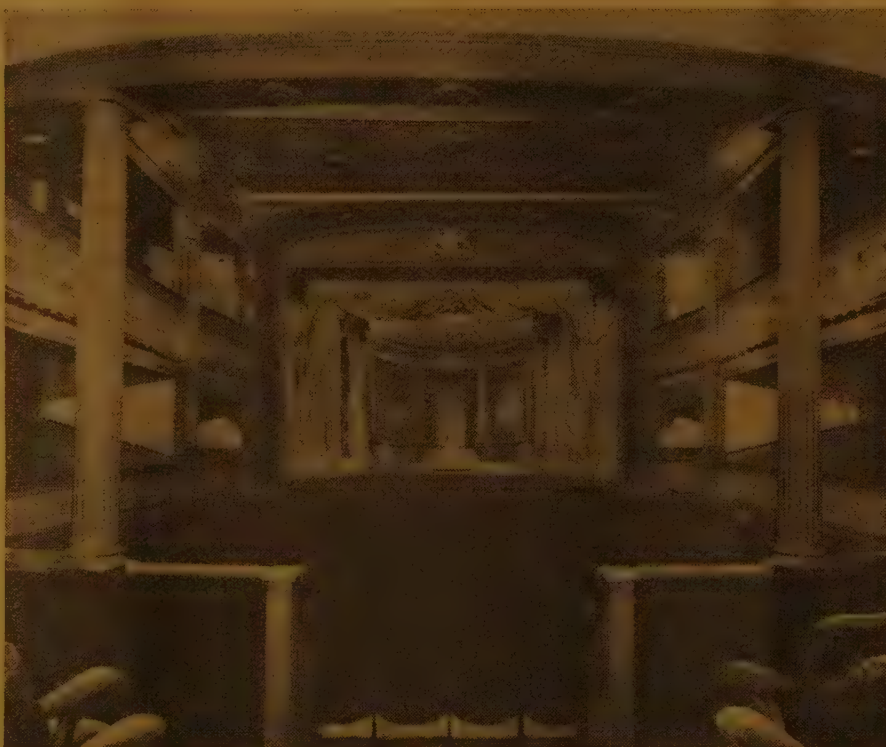
What plays would he choose to put on? The answer to this is simple. He would put on all the current West End successes, leaving out musicals and others requiring specialized talents, very large casts, or exceptionally elaborate staging. In addition, he might stage an occasional classic. An annual Shakespeare play should certainly be possible, after due consultation with the local education officer about the requirements of the G.C.E. examiners; and with any luck he might even be able to risk something by Ibsen, though Chekhov would probably be out of the question. If his programme was still not complete, he would look round for some moderately respectable success of twenty, thirty, or even forty years ago: Somerset Maugham perhaps, or an early piece of Coward; his choice would be limited, for many of the more obvious possibilities would probably have gone into his programme already during the last five years.

The reason for his selection would be equally simple: no other choice would be open to him. Any systematic exploration of the classical or modern repertoire would be ruinous, because so few people would come to see the shows. I have always thought that a manager who was patient and rich might be able to build up an audience for this kind of play—but he would have to be very rich indeed. It is difficult to get exact figures, but it must be almost impossible to run a repertory theatre for much less than £10,000 a year; a high standard of presentation would require perhaps twice that amount—so it is easy enough to lose money, even if one does sell a few tickets at 4s. apiece.

What about new plays? A new play might well tempt a local manager, especially if it was backed by one of the Arts Council's limited guarantees against loss. Indeed, one of the few ways in which one can hope to make money in repertory is to stage a new play that goes on to make a real success elsewhere—at other repertories, or best of all in the West End of London. Nottingham, for instance, made a nice little sum out of *The Long and the Short and the Tall*, and Bristol must have been admirably served by the Slade-Reynolds musicals that opened there. But backing new plays is a risky business, as the West End managements know; at a provincial repertory theatre a new play would almost certainly play to poor houses; and in any case there are few enough new plays of any promise to be found. The provincial manager, after

all, is looking for new plays that might achieve West End success—and so are the West End managements.

A theatre manager's programme, then, is virtually chosen for him by circumstances outside his control. In the manner of its presentation, he is almost equally limited. He has only a week for rehearsals, and his actors are grossly overworked: they regularly rehearse one show every morning and act in another every evening—twice on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Moreover, quality costs money, and money is severely limited. Furniture and props must be borrowed, if this is at all possible; costumes will often have to be improvised from the clothes the actors and actresses happen to possess. His lighting equipment may be totally inadequate; at best it will not be what he could wish for; and the same goes for scenery, sound effects, and the rest. His stage management will be erratic, for assistant stage managers (A.S.M.s) have to double as actors; when they first come, they may well be incompetent in one or the other capacity. The repertory manager will come to accept all these limitations as the natural conditions of his craft. In weekly repertory, the producer will be wholly reduced to opportunism and improvisation. He will only be able to combine the inadequate materials at his disposal in the best possible manner, he will not be



Interior of the Theatre Royal, Bristol, home of the Bristol Old Vic

D. Tripp

able even to aim at an ideal production. And this is as true of the acting as it is of the staging of the play: in a week, under these conditions, it will be almost impossible to teach an actor anything he does not already know.

This, roughly, is the basic condition of the provincial repertory theatres. Therefore it is not to be expected that they should give a lead in shaping the theatrical life of the country: they are far too exposed. One would like to think of the repertory movement as a rich hinterland continually supplying the West End with new plays, new technical ideas, and new philosophies. In fact, almost all the movement is in the opposite direction.

There is one important exception. Actors and actresses, producers and stage managers, do move from the repertory theatres to the West End. Indeed, this is the most important fact about the repertory theatres; this is why they really matter, and this is nearly the whole reason for their existence. To begin with, it is clear that if the repertory theatres did not provide an entrée to the glamorous world of the West End stage, most of them would not exist. Consider their staffing problems: A.S.M.s, for instance, are often intelligent and versatile young men and women, who have received an expensive training at a drama school. At most 'reps' they work at the basic salary of £6 10s. 0d. a week, perhaps twelve or fourteen hours a day, six days a week, and a few hours on Sundays. If the repertory theatres had to pay for so much

talent and application at a reasonably economic rate, they would be out of business in a fortnight. There must be some reason why they can still find applicants for the job.

Important consequences follow. First, the West End exerts great influence on provincial theatres, not only directly by passing on its new plays and its new ideas, but also indirectly by conditioning the behaviour of people working in repertory. Certainly this influence is partly beneficial. The West End possibility encourages actors to give of their best in the most discouraging circumstances—you will occasionally see a repertory actor give a fine performance that may be well above the heads of most of the audience, and even of the producer in some cases. But for the most part the West End influence is pernicious. It encourages individuals to assert themselves at the expense of the company, and it means that no actor stays in repertory any longer than he has to. The repertory theatre is not the place for success: success takes place after the actor's translation to the West End stage.

Conversely, the repertories have a great influence on the West End, for have not almost all West End players served an apprenticeship in repertory? Once again, the influence is partly beneficial. Working for a repertory company, an actor plays many more roles, and more varied roles, than under any other system. He also has the opportunity of observing other actors at work under difficult circumstances. He picks up any number of technical hints, and in a world where technical virtuosity is almost the only virtue, he will certainly gain in technical resourcefulness. But ultimately the actor's power and range depend upon the degree of his sensibility: when technique is cultivated at the expense of sensibility, something has gone wrong. In weekly repertory, the actor sees his part for the first time on a Tuesday morning, when he reads through his lines and writes in the moves. That evening

The Belgrade Theatre, Coventry

he acts in another show, and by Wednesday morning he will rehearse the first act without the book. The producer has to work fast: 'No, no!' he will shout, 'you're not entertaining your maiden aunt to tea! Take that scene again, and for the love of Mike put some guts into it!' Next time the actor repeats his line—'My whole life is in ruins!'—with the proper gesture and intonation of despair; but the emotion he has put into his performance is necessarily synthetic, it has not arisen as a response to the particular character and the precise situation involved. The actor returns to the study of his part, and he tries to arrive at an honest performance. To some extent he will succeed; but in the repertory context he is continually being forced back on his technique, and often he will be compelled to rely on technique alone. The exercise has its advantages: it is not an education in sensibility.

Can one honestly deny that the characteristic vices of the repertory theatres are reproduced on the West End stage? Most British actors, and most British producers, are continually improvising their effects. They are often brilliant at improvisation, to be sure, and the effects may be astonishingly good ones. It even happens, quite frequently, that an actor may arrive, through a series of approximations, at a perfectly honest and deeply felt performance. It virtually never happens that all the performances that go to make up a play are equally fully experienced. The West End theatre aims at a different sort of finish—and one reason may be that West End players and producers started their careers in repertory.

This, then, is what may be called the basic 'rep' situation. There are still about 100 repertory theatres up and down the country, though many of them are—many always have been—on their last legs. There are also a few provincial repertory theatres that have to some extent emerged from this state of affairs. On behalf of the B.B.C. I recently visited a cross-section of these more fortunately situated theatres (I discussed them at greater length in a number of broadcast talks in the Third Programme's 'Comment'), and I want now to consider whether the provincial theatres I saw point the way to a possible development away from the basic situation that I have described.

The Belgrade Theatre, Coventry, is probably the richest repertory theatre in the country. To begin with it has a beautiful new building that cost the City Corporation £300,000—and, incidentally, it pays £17,000 a year in rent. It receives a bigger subsidy than any other provincial



A scene from the Ipswich Theatre's production of Enid Bagnold's *The Chalk Garden* last November

theatre (£6,000 from the Arts Council and £5,000 from the Corporation), although this grant probably does not represent more than about 10 per cent. of the theatre's annual turnover. The Belgrade is big business, comparatively speaking, and Bryan Bailey, the manager, has been notably successful in keeping up the scale of his operations. He specializes in the presentation of new plays by new authors, and Coventry has taken its place alongside the Royal Court and Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop as one of the theatres where serious original plays are given a serious hearing. The other day the playwright Arnold Wesker addressed an audience of students, and a questioner at the end suggested that provincial theatres are on the way out. 'Look, mate', Mr. Wesker was able to reply, 'I was made in provincial rep.' And in one way this does provide the complete answer to the critic. The Belgrade is on the way up. At the same time it is becoming less and less a provincial repertory theatre and more and more a national institution. Mr. Bailey's problem, when he launched the new enterprise two years ago, was to keep up the interest and the prestige that the exciting new building had undoubtedly given his company; and he solved it on a national scale: his programmes are not primarily directed at a Coventry audience. For this reason his example can be of little assistance to another provincial repertory company.

An Exciting Success

Nevertheless, I think the Belgrade is the most exciting thing that has happened in theatre in recent years, because Mr. Bailey's success has given him the chance to build up a provincial audience for serious new plays. I am convinced that he can do it, and that other theatres with a similar amount of money to spend could do the same thing. He has not quite done it yet: he still has to pay for his exciting new plays by sending them on to London, and by interspersing them at home with *Rookery Nook* and *Sabrina Fair*. Coventry will show a possible solution of the repertory problem, because it will demonstrate the feasibility of building up an audience for serious theatre. But all theatres cannot put on new plays—there are not enough of them, and even the West End market is limited. If the Coventry success is to be repeated elsewhere, it will almost certainly need a much bigger subsidy, during the first years, than Coventry at present enjoys. The Belgrade is extraordinarily fortunate in getting a good deal of its money, and—almost more important—its prestige, from outside the city where it operates.

The other theatres I have lately visited are necessarily much more provincially minded. The Salisbury Playhouse, for instance, has to play to a city of only 33,000 inhabitants; it is almost certainly condemned for ever to weekly programmes, and it will never become rich. The astonishing thing is that Salisbury can nevertheless be included among the repertory theatres that are starting to better themselves. Reginald Salberg manages, by the most complicated organization, to give most of his plays a fortnight in rehearsal, and he also contrives to put on a number of very ambitious plays—the new play I saw there could scarcely have been more ambitious. But the progress that has been started at Salisbury cannot, I believe, be carried much further there—not, at least without a brand new scale of subsidies. At Ipswich there are perhaps greater possibilities: a much larger town, a fortnightly change of programme, and an audience that is used to a technically high standard of presentation. The Ipswich Theatre is progressing cautiously after a serious financial setback last summer, and there is nothing so very special about their programme of plays. But there are a number of points about their organization that are worth considering.

A Television-conscious Theatre

For Ipswich is television-conscious. Brian Shelton is convinced that he can compete with the television programmes on something like their own terms (and he gets a bit of publicity from Anglia TV, which gives him a good start). Ipswich plays are therefore painstakingly staged, whatever their intrinsic merit; and as the theatre wants to employ the best actors available, the players there are encouraged to seek television engagements, they are not held to the theatre by the usual rigid contract. If the Ipswich Theatre does not go bankrupt in insisting on high standards at

whatever cost (and last summer the cost was high) they might evolve a way of life that would enable them to compete not only with the television companies but also with the West End stage. Unlike a West End run, a television engagement need not seriously interrupt an actor's work with a repertory theatre. If a theatre management can offer consistently good conditions, and demand an unfailingly high standard of work, there is a chance that actors alternating between work on television and in the 'rep' will come to regard themselves as really belonging to the repertory theatre.

Ipswich might just make it; the other two theatres I visited have already done so, though they are still not quite secure in their finances. Nottingham and Bristol are among the few provincial theatres that have won a national reputation for their work on the provincial level; but for this very reason they are hardly relevant to the present discussion. The Bristol Old Vic, along with the Birmingham Repertory and the Oxford Playhouse, produces work that can stand comparison with the West End product by any standard—and not merely by the standard that the West End sets and passes on to the repertory movement as a whole. Taken all in all, these three theatres produce good theatre far more systematically, and far more regularly, than does the West End. At Nottingham they are badly handicapped by one of the most horrible theatre buildings in the country—a country rich in appalling theatres; but everything suggests that when they move on to the new playhouse which the Nottingham City Council has promised them they will be able to maintain a standard as high as any in the land.

First-class Work

If there is any further justification for the existence of the repertory theatres, it lies in the fact that a few of them have managed to produce first-class work in the repertory context. When this happens, the possibilities are rich indeed, because of the continuity of effort that is possible at a permanent theatre. But the theatres that have reached this level of achievement have got there by a slow and painful process, gradually pulling themselves up by their own shoestrings. In another city, the same effort might have failed—in fifty cities a similar effort has failed. Theatres like Bristol and Oxford do not mean much as an indication of where the 'reps' should go from there—this is where they have been trying to go for the last fifty years. They do demonstrate that theatre is possible, at least as an exception, in the provinces. If Coventry can show that the same possibility can be exploited within a matter of a few years, where money is available, there is just a chance that more money might one day be forthcoming from the state and the local authorities. This, it seems to me, is the only hope for the repertory theatres—and the only way in which the British theatre as a whole can be helped to develop into something more significant than it is at present.

There is, after all, a glimmer of hope. Already Nottingham has followed Coventry in providing herself with a respectable playhouse, and Leicester has talked of doing the same. The expense, after all, is not huge by the standards of our continental neighbours. Three hundred thousand pounds for a new theatre? In Hamburg the playhouse is subsidized to the tune of £250,000 a year.

The *B.B.C. Handbook for 1960* has now been published (price 6s.). Its aim is to give a comprehensive and up-to-date picture of what the B.B.C. is and what it is doing. The appendices include the text of the Royal Charter Licence and Agreement and a select bibliography. The book is illustrated and indexed.

* * *

Wellingtonian Studies, 'Essays on the first Duke of Wellington by five Old Wellingtonian historians', has been published by Gale and Polden (7s.). The editor is Mr. Michael Howard, Lecturer in War Studies at London University, and the studies include one by Sir Harold Nicolson on 'Wellington: the Diplomat'.

* * *

Truth and Opinion is the title of a new volume of historical essays by Miss Veronica Wedgwood (Collins, 16s.). They include Miss Wedgwood's 'The Sense of the Past', originally a Leslie Stephen lecture, and 'Social Comedy in the Reign of Charles I' which she wrote for the *Studies in Social History* that were presented to Dr. G. M. Trevelyan on his eightieth birthday.

Landmarks of Political Thought

'On Liberty'

NOEL ANNAN on John Stuart Mill

MILL'S essay *On Liberty* was a century old last year and I would say that no work of such importance in political thought has been published by an Englishman since. Of course students of political theory will remember the name of T. H. Green and those of other English idealist philosophers, and of course we can be proud of our political traditions of reformist socialism. But whether it is Fabians writing about socialism or Conservatives arguing in favour of gradual change and the importance of preserving traditions, English political theory since 1859 is at best a series of interesting empirical studies. Mill's essay stands out as a monument to a particular way of life—the liberal way of life.

This is not because the essay *On Liberty* is philosophically profound. It is in fact a profession of faith—a sermon charged with emotion. But the sermon is delivered in the tones of reason, and it is a masterpiece in the art of persuasion. What was Mill trying to persuade his contemporaries to do and has his message still any use for us? Certainly he conceived freedom very differently from the way Tom Paine did. Tom Paine was a revolutionary who had read Rousseau and who was convinced, as all revolutionaries are, that the state of society was rotten. He wanted men to be free, and the reason why they were not free was that they were being ruled by tyrants. In order to justify this doctrine in England he put forward an interpretation of English history in which men lost their freedom when the wicked Norman conquerer landed.

Ever since then kings and lords had usurped the freedom of the people. Give the people universal suffrage and a written constitution and change the whole structure of society and freedom will be attained. Mill argues quite differently and hardly refers to this revolutionary theory of freedom. The essay *On Liberty* is particularly interesting because Mill simply assumed from the start that England was free. It was not an autocracy or a dictatorship or a more or less enlightened despotism under a ruling dynasty—it was a country in which the judiciary had established its independence from both the legislature and the executive and in which nobody could be tried and condemned on grounds of reason of state. Nevertheless Mill thought that it was essential for England to be freer. Why was this?

There was one simple reason. Mill had read the great French political thinker de Tocqueville whose book on democracy in America was one of the outstanding prophetic works of the nineteenth century. Both Mill and de Tocqueville welcomed the advent of universal suffrage and representative democracy, but both warned their generation that, while democracy was inevitable and right, it would bring with it certain evils. One of those evils was that the majority might choose mediocrities to rule, and that genius, independence, eccentricity, originality would all go to the wall, ground down by the dislike of the masses in seeing something which they could not readily understand or accept. Mill saw the shape of things to come not merely through de Tocqueville's eyes but by observing mid-Victorian society in which the shape that public opinion was taking could be much more easily seen than it had been in the past because it expressed itself through the mass media of the newspapers and periodicals.

As a radical of the middle class Mill had little use for the opinion of aristocratic England, and working-class opinion had then hardly crystallized. Mill, perfectly justifiably, looked at the semi-educated middle class of his day and, perfectly rightly, deduced that the opinions held by hard-headed industrialists, zealous evangelicals, or parochial tenant-farmers were all fair indication of the shape of things to come. He could see how the weight of this Philistine opinion time and again prevented sensible reforms being made, and also how it tended to persecute those who held unconventional opinions.

This was why Mill tried to divide men's actions into two:

other-regarding actions which the Government was fully entitled to control because they affected the lives of other people, and self-regarding actions which affected only the agent himself and should therefore be regarded as inviolable. Part of the essay *On Liberty* is spent in arguing that a man's beliefs and his expressed opinions almost always should be guaranteed from interference by the state, and that no pressure group such as a church, or trade union, should be supported by the Government if they clamoured for a man to be silenced because he was expressing opinions which the pressure group thought were evil. This argument rested on Mill's belief that the only way for truth to out is for ideas to be thrown into the market place to be discussed and fought over; and the truth *must* out if society is to progress.

For many years Mill's distinction between self-regarding and other-regarding actions has been under fire, and it is of course incapable of being defended if one attempts to define these actions carefully. What criteria are

there then which permit us to say that some area of conduct in society should be inviolable? There is of course no necessary reason. Our rights are defined by the law, and these are the only real rights we have. But there is another area of rights which is valid because the general consensus of society agrees that it should be, and here Paine with his talk about the natural rights of man was nearer to the truth than Mill, even though we would not define natural rights in the way that Paine did. Mill said: 'The whole of mankind has no right to silence one dissenter'. It is a splendid assertion, but quite untrue in that one can envisage certain situations in which it could be seriously argued that a dissident should be silenced: for example a man who tries to stir up racial trouble in a district of mixed population, even though he may genuinely believe in the superiority of one race over another.

There is also another flaw in Mill's argument. Mill held simultaneously that all coercion is bad though it may sometimes be necessary and that all men should seek to discover the truth even if this led to fearless nonconformity. But these two propositions are not identical and, as Sir Isaiah Berlin pointed out recently, love of truth and fiery individualism grow just as convincingly in such rigid and disciplined societies as the Puritan Calvinists of Scotland and New England as in more tolerant and pluralistic societies. And today we can see fairly clearly that, appalling as the pressures are to conform to what the majority of society wants or does, there is no special merit in joining a minority group: minority groups can impose just as



John Stuart Mill (1806-1873)

deplorable and unthinking conformity upon their members as majority groups.

There is something else that makes Mill's essay *On Liberty* appear old-fashioned. For the most part he sees simply two entities: the individual and society. Today we are much more aware that, although each nation-state has its own culture, the individuals in it think, feel, and behave in very different ways: these ways depending on all sorts of factors such as class, upbringing, religion, income-group, age-group, etc. Indeed even within the most compact and unified nation-states there are probably racial or geographical groupings that divide individuals from each other. Mill thought of liberty as being one and indivisible. I think we would be more conscious than Mill was that groups that enjoy a high degree of personal liberty may feel socially so insecure that they submit to curtailment of other freedoms. This is certainly true of national groups who feel that they are being oppressed by an imperialist overlord. Although they may enjoy all sorts of freedoms resulting from law and order and a high standard of living, they will willingly sacrifice these and adopt a political organization which depends on dictatorship and strict obedience in order to become what they would call 'free'.

This brings us back to Paine, for certainly Paine was thinking of precisely this sort of situation when he talked about freedom. Mill recognized that there were two kinds of freedom—he used to draw a distinction between what he called Continental ideas of liberty and the English idea of liberty, which he said was thought of by Englishmen as essentially something which had to be defended against governments, whatever the type of government, democratic or otherwise, might be. Mill thoroughly agreed that self-government was a prerequisite of freedom, and indeed was part of it, but he went a stage further than Paine in saying that the real problems of freedom begin once self-government has been established. And can we say that he was wrong?

Yet, despite whatever criticisms we can bring against Mill, the essay *On Liberty* contains two professions of faith that seem to me vital to the health of society. The first is that there should be men who are prepared to be original, fearless, independent, and imaginative if we are to have any beliefs which are worth while tolerating at all. In other words we must have an intelligentsia, though I do not mean to imply that all such men are to be found among the intelligentsia. The second is that, whether or not you

like what these original and fearless people say, you should, at almost all costs, permit them to say it. Are these contentions really in danger today in Western society? It would be odd if they were seriously in danger, because the Western democracies boast that it is their belief in this conception of freedom as much as anything else that distinguishes them from the communist states. And yet these virtues are perpetually in danger.

Public opinion is much less responsive than it was a hundred years ago, in Mill's day, to appeals made by original and fearless men. It is tolerant—so immensely tolerant that it is almost always indifferent. And here I would trace this decline to the man who more than any other hated and did his best to destroy Mill's kind of liberty—I mean Hitler. Hitler so outraged our moral sensibilities that since his time public opinion seems to be incapable of being moved, as Mill always expected it to be, by outrageous infringements of freedom.

This leads me to Mill's last great insight, which is affected by all this. No one could have stated more clearly than Mill what he believed in and why he detested and abominated certain other beliefs, yet Mill is absolutely clear that we must tolerate many beliefs and not merely those that we consider to be the best for society. For example, Mill detested gambling, but he would have defended the right of others to bet. In other words he believed in a pluralist society. In some ways a pluralist society is much less strong than a monolithic society; and in some ways it is much less impressive. Mill says that it is by good arguments that people must be convinced and that only in the very last resort must they be coerced and compelled. Though it may take many years, yet it is better that, for example, desegregation in the Southern States of America should come because people believe that it must come rather than it should be imposed at all costs from above. Imposition from above in what is alleged to be the interests of the state in the future and of generations unborn is the communist way of doing things. The big question that lies in the future is whether the pluralist societies of the West will in fact be able to organize their economies as efficiently as, or more efficiently than, those of communist states, or whether future generations will regard us much as we do fourth-century Athens in relation to Rome in the first century A.D.—a noble, free, and versatile society but one whose love of freedom led to dissension and was to be superseded by a cruder but more powerful form of political organization.—*General Overseas Service*

Two Poems from the Chinese

Border Lay

Deep in his tomb the Emperor whom
The autumn storms waylay:
All night is heard his whinnying steed
All hushed by break of day.

From painted balconies the fumes
Of cinnamon faintly stray:
Where six and thirty palace rooms
Stand mossed in green decay.

Here once the Captains wheeled their cars
To where the Border lay,
And felt the pungent Border squalls
Their swollen eyelids flay.

But when the waning Moon had fled
The Palace Gateway, they
Wept scalding tears like molten lead
In mourning and dismay.

So many ravaged orchids then
Lay strewn along the way,
That Heaven must have pitied them—
Yet Heaven ordains decay!

In frost the stragglers saw afar
The citadel fade away
And from its river hear no more
The dwindling ripples play.

Frontier Post

Famished and numb, we huddle beneath P'ing City.
Night after night, watch what? A glittering moon.
But our swords no more exhibit the sheen of jade.
And off-sea breezes tear at our unkempt hair.

White the tundra, reaching to the sky.
Scarlet splashes the far-off banners of Han.
Blown from their smoke-blue tents come the notes of flutes.
Limp hang the dragons decking our fog-soaked pennons.

At sundown, mounting guard on the citadel walls,
We linger over the fading maze of our quarter.
The nightwind lifts, ruffling the withered scrub.
From a darkened khan come the neighs of an old gaunt horse.

Could we quiz our officials about this city,
We might ask how many leagues we lie from the Border.
We envy the scraggy cadavers sent back home
Who saw small harm in falling before the sword.

HUGH GORDON PORTEUS from
LI HO (A.D. 791-817). *Third Programme*

The Strange Particles

By O. R. FRISCH, F.R.S.

This is the second of three talks by Professor Frisch in which he discusses the new fundamental particles

IN my last talk* I spoke about the fourteen fundamental particles whose existence was reasonably assured by 1948, even though some of them had not then actually been observed. Here I am going to discuss sixteen more, whose properties when they were first discovered were so unexpected and complex that they came to be nicknamed 'the strange particles'. But first I must say something about the laboratory devices by which such particles can be discovered and identified.

Cloud Chamber and Bubble Chamber

Most important are those devices by which the track of a fast-moving particle can be made visible. One of them is nearly fifty years old: C. T. R. Wilson invented his cloud chamber in 1912. It is essentially a container, made partly of glass, the volume of which can be suddenly increased by a few per cent.; it is full of moist air which is suddenly cooled, and tiny water droplets form round the damaged air molecules that the particle has left in its wake. A bright flash of light immediately after expansion allows one to photograph the thin trails of cloud, and those photographs can be studied at leisure. It is usual to take two pictures with two separate cameras; this gives a stereoscopic effect so that one can reconstruct the tracks in space.

A recent variant of the cloud chamber is the bubble chamber. This is filled not with moist air but with a liquid that is above boiling point but is prevented from boiling by imposed pressure. If the pressure is suddenly released, for a fraction of a second there is still no boiling, and if during that interval a fast particle runs through the liquid it causes boiling along its path, and a trail of bubbles form which are quickly photographed before they get too large. Then the pressure is reapplied; the bubbles disappear, and within a split second the chamber is once more ready for use. In this it is superior to the cloud chamber, which usually needs several minutes to recover; also bubble chambers contain much denser matter, which is desirable when we want to study the collision of particles with electrons or the neutrons and protons in atomic nuclei. Bubble chambers filled with liquid hydrogen are particularly useful because the collisions one observes are much easier to interpret.

Both the cloud chamber and the bubble chamber record only those particles that pass through them during the short instant of lowered pressure. But there is a simple device that is sensitive all the time: a photographic emulsion. Ordinary fine-grained photographic plates will do, but special 'nuclear emulsions' have been prepared which are much better. No camera is needed: the emulsion is simply placed where we expect the fast particles, left for a time, and then processed in the usual way. After that the tracks can be seen and measured under a microscope. To allow processing, the emulsion must be in the form of a thin layer; but a whole stack of many such layers can be exposed to the particles and then each layer developed separately. In such an emulsion stack the track of a particle can then be followed through many layers, often to the point where the particle comes to a stop or suffers some transformation.

Estimating Speed

When we look at such a track, what does it tell us? First, the mere appearance of the track, whether it looks bold or thin, tells us about the speed of the particle: fast particles make fewer ions per unit length of path and so produce thinner tracks. In this way, the speed can be estimated within perhaps 20 per cent. Secondly, if the chamber has been placed between the poles of a strong magnet, the tracks of the particles will be curved, because

the magnetic field deflects electrically charged particles. The degree of curvature tells us about the speed and the mass of the particle, and the direction of the deflection tells us whether the charge is positive or negative. (Uncharged particles leave no track at all.) In nuclear emulsions—even when there is no field—particles produce rather wavy tracks, and extremely strong magnetic fields would be needed to produce a clear-cut deflection. But this waviness can itself be exploited: it can be measured and gives information about the particle since it is caused by the deflection of the particle in the strong electric fields near the nuclei of the atoms in the emulsion. Finally, the track sometimes shows that a particle has ground to a stop within the emulsion or chamber, and the distance it has covered can be measured. By combining these various pieces of information one can often find out enough about a particle to identify it.

Much more can be found out when the particle collides with a proton or an electron. Then the track is seen to branch into two tracks: that of the original particle (which has been deflected from its path) and that of the other particle which has been rudely kicked into motion. The angles formed by the two new tracks with the old one give valuable information: in particular we can decide whether this was just an elastic collision, as between billiard balls, or whether perhaps some neutral, trackless particle has been formed in the process. In a similar way the spontaneous transformation of a particle can be detected and often analysed in detail.

Not all work on the strange particles has been done with track-forming devices. Once the existence of a particle and a good way for producing it in large numbers is established it is often much more convenient to use electronic methods that automatically sort and count the particles. In this way it is also possible to time the sequence of events very accurately, to a thousand-millionth of a second or so, and the mean life of an unstable particle can be measured accurately.

The First Tracks

The first tracks of the particles I want to discuss here, the strange particles seen in 1948, were noticed in both emulsions and cloud chambers, usually those placed on high mountains where the cosmic rays are more intense than at sea level. To begin with they were rare freaks, and the publication of each new example was a subject for excited discussion. There appeared to be a bewildering variety of them, and the slogan 'to each physicist his own particle' was coined, and seemed to be on the way to fulfilment. Gradually world production rose to about one strange particle a day, but even at that rate it would still have taken many years to learn only a small fraction of what we know now. The great break came in 1953 when the big proton accelerator at the Brookhaven National Laboratory near New York, the Cosmotron, began to produce protons with the enormous energy of three thousand million electron volts. About a year later a second machine with twice that energy started working in California and several more in that range have since come into operation in various countries. Today, anyone with a bubble chamber and access to one of these giant accelerators can photograph several thousand strange particles in a single day.

Why do we need such giant machines in order to make strange particles? The answer is implicit in Einstein's famous equation $E = mc^2$. This equation allows us to compute the energy E needed to create a particle of mass m : the energy is equal to that mass, multiplied twice with the speed of light. That energy is not really large; much less than, say, the energy of a grain of rice that has dropped an inch. But the energy of a grain of rice is distributed over many millions of atoms and so is useless to us. What we need is to have the energy concentrated into a single

(continued on page 176)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

January 20-26

Wednesday, January 20

The African elected members continue to boycott the London Conference on Kenya
Police in eastern Uganda open fire on 2,000 Africans attacking their headquarters

Thursday, January 21

The Bank Rate is increased by one per cent.
The British Motor Corporation announces plans to build new factories in many areas where unemployment is high
The Russians announce that a rocket they fired nearly 8,000 miles across the Pacific fell within a mile of its target

Friday, January 22

President de Gaulle dismisses General Massu from the post of Commander of French troops in Algiers following criticism by the General of the President's policy of self-determination for Algeria
A new plan by the Colonial Secretary for settling the dispute over advisers to the London Conference on Kenya is accepted by the two principal parties

Saturday, January 23

A Swiss scientist and an American submarine officer descend seven miles under the Pacific in a diving chamber to the bed of the deepest known part of the world's oceans
Mr. Macmillan visits the Kariba Dam during his tour of Rhodesia

Sunday, January 24

Rioting breaks out in Algiers and a state of siege is declared in the city
Nine policemen are killed by the mob during riots at Cato Manor, near Durban, South Africa
The Midland and Southern district councils of the National Union of Railwaymen decide not to support the unofficial token strike called by the London Council for February 1

Monday, January 25

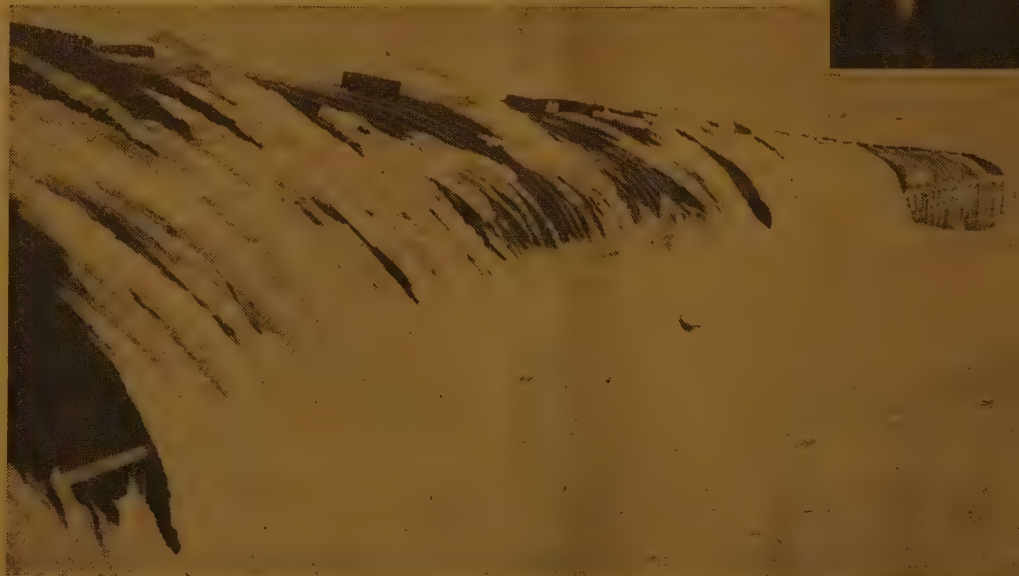
M. Debré, the French Prime Minister, flies to Algiers. General de Gaulle reaffirms his determination to maintain his policy in Algeria
President Bourguiba of Tunisia calls on the French to evacuate their base at Bizerta by February 8
The London Conference on Kenya holds its first full session

Tuesday, January 26

The French Prime Minister flies back to France and appeals for a return to order in Algeria
African demonstrators struggle with police as Mr. Macmillan arrives in Blantyre, Nyasaland
Engineering employers finally reject a pay-claim for £1 a week by 5,000,000 workers



Mr. Nobosuke Kishi, the Japanese Prime Minister, talking with President Eisenhower at the White House, Washington, before the signing of a new ten-year treaty between the two countries on January 19



A reconstruction, which formed part of an exhibition shown last year in San Francisco during 'London Week', of the seventeenth-century coffee-house which was the original premises of Lloyd's of London. The reconstruction has now been erected on Lloyd's own premises in the City

A train bound for Aberdeen which, with fifty board, was trapped for being rescued in last week Scotland. Six people in their li



Nimrod, the European bison, pushing back her fur one of the three earlier this month. The bison is reluctant to allow the



Europeans demonstrating in Algiers last Sunday against President de Gaulle's action in dismissing General Massu, the Commander of French troops in Algiers. Later riots broke out and in an exchange of fire with the police twenty-seven people were killed and 140 wounded

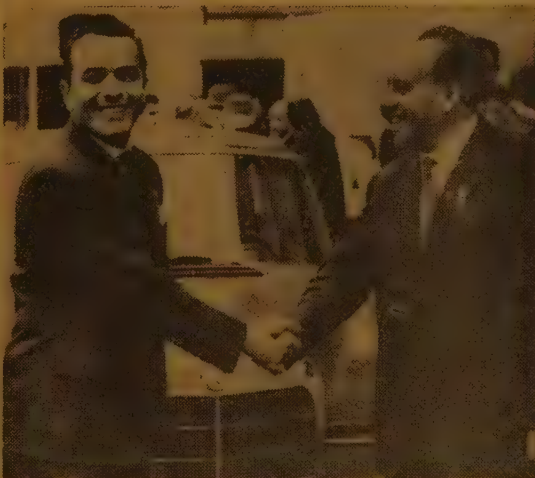
Right: rescue workers attempting to repair one of the ventilation shafts of the Coalbrook North Colliery in the Orange Free State, South Africa, where on January 22 a fall of rock trapped 440 miners 600 feet underground. Last weekend the biggest high-speed diamond drill in South Africa was brought into use in an effort to reach the men



The elaborately carved prow of a state barge, built in 1732 for Frederick Prince of Wales, which is at present being restored at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. The barge is sixty feet long and has twenty-one oars



President Voroshilov of the Soviet Union driving through Delhi with President Nehru after his arrival from Moscow last week for a tour of India



The winners of this year's Monte Carlo rally, Walter Schock (right) and Rolf Moll of Germany, with their Mercedes. Second and third places were also taken by German teams in Mercedes cars



Right: the leaning tower of Pisa in icing sugar, an example of the pastrycook's art shown at the Hotel and Catering Exhibition at Olympia, London, last week

(continued from page 173)

proton or electron. If an electron (or a proton) is accelerated by an electric voltage of a million volts, the energy it acquires is called a million electron volts or briefly one MeV. That is just about enough to create an electron pair, that is, an electron and a positron. About 200 MeV are needed to make pions, and the production of strange particles requires at least 1,000 MeV.

With the help of those accelerators and of emulsion stacks, which came into use about the same time, the profusion of strange particles was reduced to order within about two years. By 1955 the pattern as we see it now had become clear. A few details, some of them important, have changed since; but no particles have been found that were not predicted by that pattern.

Let me review now what the state of our knowledge is. Take first the fundamental particles that are heavier than protons and neutrons. They are called hyperons, and if you arrange them in order of weight they fall into three groups referred to by the Greek letters lambda, sigma, and xi.

The lambda particles are the lightest of the hyperons—about a fifth heavier than a proton—and there is only one kind of them which have no electric charge. But there are three sigma hyperons—positive, neutral, and negative—with closely similar masses about a third greater than a proton. All four are unstable and turn within a thousand-millionth of a second into a proton or a neutron. The xi hyperon, which is a little heavier still, does the same thing by stages: it first changes into a lambda particle which then changes into a proton or neutron. So here we have a cascade of two successive break-ups, and hence the xi hyperon is sometimes called the 'cascade particle'. It is extremely rare, and for several years only a dozen or so of them had been observed, all with a negative charge. But the pattern into which they were fitted demanded the existence of a neutral xi as well, and so it was very satisfactory when, early last year, two examples of neutral xi particles were found. It was indeed a feat of scientific detective work to spot this neutral and hence trackless particle which breaks up into two particles which are again trackless!

Summarizing these facts: there are six hyperons, and each has its own antiparticle, which makes twelve. They fit into a symmetric sort of pattern, and although we do not know the reason for this pattern we feel that it is probably complete, and that no more hyperons remain to be discovered.

The Mesons

Now to the particles lighter than protons: the mesons. Two kinds had been well established by 1948; the mu-meson and the pi-meson. Evidence for much heavier mesons, about half as heavy as a proton, began to appear in 1948. There seemed to be a variety of them and that idea was supported by the fact that they suffered a variety of different transformations. It was realized that these different transformations may be merely alternatives from the same particle, just as people with the same genetic make-up may yet die of different diseases. But it is not always easy to decide whether a disease is genetically determined or purely a matter of chance.

As the mass measurements became more

accurate the values obtained came closer and closer together, and soon it was clear that there was essentially only one kind of heavy meson, which came to be called the K-meson. K-mesons were found with positive and negative charge as well as without charge, just like the pi-mesons. But there were important differences, apart from the much greater weight of the K-mesons. In the first place there were two different kinds of neutral K-mesons, one the antiparticle of the other. Secondly, the negative K-mesons were found to be much rarer than the positive ones. This raises the question: can positive, but not negative, K-mesons be produced singly? The energy required for that can be computed from Einstein's formula; but in fact more energy is required before K-mesons are formed.

Actually, if very high energies are available K-mesons can be made in pairs. But at lower energies something surprising happens: only positive K-mesons can be formed, and only together with a hyperon—a lambda or a sigma. This surprising fact is only imperfectly understood at present. It accounts for the extra energy which is required; and many instances of this simultaneous production of a K-meson and a hyperon have been photographed in bubble chambers, so the reality of the association is well established.

Spontaneous Transformations

What more do we want to know about strange particles? We do know a fair amount about the different ways in which they transform themselves spontaneously, and we can account to some extent for those transformations; some rather surprising features have been correctly predicted by the theoreticians, which is a good test that the theory cannot be too far from the truth. We know something about the way they are produced; the missiles that produce them—fast protons or pions, or energetic photons—are available in the form of accurately defined beams, so that every strange particle carries, as it were, its birth certificate, with information about the process that gave birth to it. We know a little of their interaction with protons and neutrons: a strange particle flying through a bubble chamber or nuclear emulsion will occasionally collide with a nucleus, and information from those rare events is gradually being pieced together.

Sometimes a hyperon will actually become embedded in a nucleus; such a hyper-nucleus with its cuckoo's egg will not live long, and when the hyperon inside it explodes, the fragments of the nucleus form tracks from which it is just about possible to calculate the force with which the hyperon had been held. So we are getting to know a little about the force between strange particles and nucleons; but we know nothing as yet about the force with which two strange particles act on each other. The chance of observing a collision between two of them is vanishingly small, but the process by which they are produced may be affected slightly by their interaction during that fleeting moment before they fly apart; and if a great many individual production processes are studied very accurately we may learn something about the forces between strange particles.

We need accelerators that produce missiles in much greater numbers, and the new proton synchrotron under construction at the National

Institute for Nuclear Science near Harwell in Berkshire is designed to give 100 times more protons than any existing machine. Also, we must speed up the measurements. Instruments are now being built in many places by which bubble chamber photographs can be measured much faster than before: you move a mark along the projected image of a track, and the machine takes down the co-ordinates at intervals, punching them on tape for processing by one of those giant electronic computers that work a thousand times faster than a man.

Sometimes I think nostalgically of the time when Rutherford could make world-shaking discoveries by peering at scintillations through a microscope. Those times are gone; physics has become a great international enterprise, with all the resources of modern technology at its service.

—Third Programme

Mycenae

King Agamemnon trod
Homeward, they say, this road
Passing in royal state
The Lion Gate.

For by this rugged path
Fate led him to the bath,
The net, the axe, the flood
Of startled blood.

Not he alone; his race
Found doom within this place
Which still with indrawn breath
Hisses of death.

So much of love and hate
Has spawned beyond this Gate,
So many bitter tears
Drowning the years,

It seems that any stone
Might gasp a dying groan,
Or the unstirring dust
Shiver with lust,

Or ghosts usurp our eyes
To watch familiar skies
And briefly scan again
The Argive plain.

BRIAN HILL

Gnat

The fragile gnat entangled
Within the curling hair
Upon my wrist has strangled
Itself in struggling there;
And I, as much entangled
In cosmic nets, shall be
(A kindred gnat) so strangled
In struggling to get free.

Yet godlike, great and glowing
With pride bright as a star
Is this same act of knowing
How very small we are,
Small size, but O, so curious,
The stuff divine which makes
Man greater even than Sirius
That knows not why it quakes.

HUW MENAI

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Unfair to the Germans?

Sir,—Before Mr. Dennis J. Rippington takes Mr. Goronwy Rees to task for presenting 'so restricted a picture of Germany today', he should ask himself which picture is the more restricted, his own of 'two elderly German men . . . waiting on a small railway station in 1956', one of whom said: 'Thank God, we have peace', or the Germany we are meeting every day, represented on a national scale by a government which seeks to dictate British foreign policy, restrict conferences with Russia, which connives at swastika-daubers, refrains from prosecution of the nazi who asserts that *the Diary of Anne Frank is not authentic*, which takes no action (until positively pushed) against political parties which raise the old cries of nationalism and anti-semitism, and which keeps ex-nazis in high political posts.

Why, indeed, should not the old lady be glad there is peace when Germany is relieved of a war she was losing, is inundated with American dollars, and is free to rebuild the economy to a point when she is powerful and rich enough to revert to the *status quo ante* 1939? The Russians have as many ex-nazis in bureaucratic posts as the British- and American-sponsored West German Government, but the East German ex-nazis have been, what we call pejoratively, 'rainwashed', that is, they have been re-doctrinated and controlled in their methods of government, while the West, bleating 'freedom', permits the very forces to resume power which the war for freedom was pledged to destroy.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

HENRY ADLER

Sir,—Mr. Goronwy Rees writing on Germany 'The Wunderland'—has produced the most shocking and biased article I have ever read in THE LISTENER.

As one who has spent many holidays on the continent and several in Germany and who made a 2,000-mile car tour of central Germany last year, I can only say that Germany is one of the most beautiful countries of Europe. I have not met an inhospitable or unfriendly German and I would say that Germany is without equal in regard to fine music and ancient buildings and wonderful surroundings. If you want the bizarre you can find it there as well as in Britain or France, but if you want to spend a holiday with people who really have music in their blood and who are alive, and where the very-day person is not avaricious like the French, then there is no better place than Germany. Even the most trivial inn can produce an instrumentalist of a most extraordinarily high standard, just like the Italian man in the street who can really sing. Scores of villages in the Westerwald and Sauerland are breathtakingly lovely, nestling among the hills. I defy anyone to drive through France and Belgium to Cologne and then take the road among the hills through Oedingen to Meschede and not be overwhelmed by the beauty of the countryside and villages and the friendliness of its people.

Even in quite small towns there is a Festival Hall, where a mark or two will buy a seat, if they are not already sold out, to hear instrumentalists and voices which are often better than many we hear at our top concert halls in London. The music is performed with a flourish that is inimitable, whether classical, operetta, or 'pop' music with its romantic lilt. Who could fail to be charmed by such towns as Söest, Hildersheim, Hamelin, Göttingen, Limburg on Lahn, Rothenburg, Beilstein (Mosel), St. Gaurshausen, and every village on the Rhine, Coblenz, and Heidelberg—I could name a hundred places with their beautiful old stone buildings, the treasures hidden behind fine old walls and cobbled alleyways. And I have always found the inhabitants suited to their surroundings. I have never been conscious of a two-headed monster growing out of the ruins of Germany's past! I personally find that the majority of Germans have more spiritual feeling than the majority of Britons!

Mr. Goronwy Rees mentions how strangely the Germans take their pleasures, citing a night club in Cologne as an example where earnest men in spectacles discuss prices and profits. Do our business men look any different when they get together even for an evening out? While Mr. Goronwy Rees dwells on everything he dislikes in Germany, if he is honest, he would find much the same in London or Manchester among a similar class of people. Night clubs are pretty much the same all the world over and there are always some tired business men dotted about. Personally I find it less objectionable to see old men discussing business than ogling young girls, and I doubt if many readers of THE LISTENER go abroad to spend their time in night clubs. Just attend any one of the numerous festivals and it will be seen how well the Germans know how to enjoy themselves, with their gaiety, music, and sense of fun. For those others of us who have an eye for design and who seek interesting places, who like attractive shop windows and good food, Germany is a country to visit, especially by car.

We stopped at the small village of Bilstein in Hoch-Sauerland, which has a fine castle standing high above it. We decided to make the uneasy climb and found it had become a youth hostel. From some open windows across the courtyard came the sound of many violins. We went inside and looked round and found our way to the music room. Quietly opening the door, we saw about twenty young people practising enthusiastically. They stopped when they saw us and immediately brought chairs when we indicated that we should like to listen. They were delighted, and the young 'Maestro' went back to his rostrum and raised his baton. They played magnificently with gusto, with flourish, with music in their souls, and we were entranced.

This is the Germany I know, and thousands of others would find it too if they went to look with an open mind.—Yours, etc.,

ROSEMARY BLOMFIELD-SMITH

Abinger Hammer

The Sign of the Swastika

Sir,—With reference to Mr. Terence Prittie's stimulating talk (THE LISTENER, January 21), there are many ways in which the Bonn Government could make itself more obviously worthy of support. Among these might be listed: (a) a prompt and liberal settlement of outstanding claims from victims of nazi persecution; (b) payment of pensions to all the comparatively few survivors of pseudo-medical experiments; (c) a genuine purge of former nazis from the Foreign Office and judiciary; (d) a frank official declaration that the findings of the International War Crimes Tribunal at Nuremberg were just; (e) compliance with pledges to disintegrate the Krupp empire; (f) cessation of attempts to regain confiscated German assets (in the U.S.A.) which were retained as reparations; (g) an overhaul of the education system.

Unless the whole German nation realizes something of what their countrymen inflicted upon mankind in two world wars and mass racial exterminations, repression will have disastrous psychological results; and there will always be a suspicion that Bishop Walter Kampe was right when he recently said: 'Our people did not reject Hitlerism as the result of an inner perception of the rottenness of its morality, but because of its fateful outward results'.—Yours, etc.,

Devizes

L. M. HOPKINS

Communism and British Intellectuals

Sir,—In his review of Dr. Wood's book in THE LISTENER of January 7, Mr. MacIntyre makes a number of curious statements concerning the role played by the Communist Party in recent British history. He also makes some extremely dogmatic assertions concerning the interpretation of Marx's thought.

His first, and most astonishing statement, is that the Communist Party has provided modern Britain with 'outlets in the form of ritualized pseudo conflicts'. This can only mean that in the inter-war period the Communist Party was not successful in achieving its avowed objects. Had it achieved either economic or political power one can only assume that the Communist Party would not have been engaging in 'ritualized pseudo conflicts'; the penalty for its failure to win power is to be dubbed an 'r.p.c.' However, neither was the socialist party of Great Britain, the Independent Labour Party, nor for that matter the Labour Party, able to win power. They too fought 'ritualized pseudo conflicts'? To supplement Mr. MacIntyre's obvious lack of knowledge of Labour history during the inter-war period, I should explain that Palme Dutt, that 'utterly devoted party member', used precisely the same argument in polemics with the I.L.P. in the nineteen-twenties. Dutt, having read less anthropology, used the phrase 'left-wing safety valve'.

Not less amazing is Mr. MacIntyre's statement that the founders of the Communist Party were 'authentic Marxists'. Would he like to explain wherein lies the authenticity of a group as

(continued on page 180)

STEEL—Report to the Nation

HOW MUCH STEEL IN 1960?

THE British steel industry may well produce about 24 million tons of steel in 1960 – compared with 20 million tons last year. Last year, and the year before, the steel industry spent some £100,000,000 on new plant and development – and raised its production capacity by about a *million* tons each year. This was done despite the fact that existing capacity, except in a few cases, was not being fully used.

Why this expansion, then? Is it an act of folly – or farsightedness? It is simply an expression of confidence in Britain's future.

Apart from the sharp setback around 1958, when the industry was working far below capacity, demand for steel has shown a steady upsurge since the war. Looking forwards, the industry has weighed forecasts made by its customers about their future demand.

As a result the industry believes that the trend of steel demand will continue to rise.

Planning ahead in Steel is a ticklish business. It means foreseeing future developments in the economic life of the nation, and the changing needs of steel consumers.

Among the thousands of steel-using firms the pattern of demand can change almost overnight. But planning, building and bringing into production a new steelworks inevitably takes years.

Unexpected

A plant making rails cannot change over to production of sheet for cars.

Hence in the past two years, although the steel industry as a whole has not been working at full capacity, there have sometimes been shortages of steel sheet.

Why? The causes were an unexpectedly swift boom in cars – which took even the motor industry itself by surprise; rising sales of household goods like cookers and washing machines, and of electrical machinery; and a shift in demand from one kind of steel sheet to another.

£760 million

Not even the wisest brains can predict, years ahead, every future shift in the pattern of demand. But Britain's steel industry has done remarkably well since the war in having the right plant ready at the right time.

Since the end of 1946, a sum of over £760,000,000 has been spent on development. The graphs show the crescendo of expansion in the last seven years; and also how the steel industry, far from lagging, has gone ahead faster than other manufacturing industries.

New Mills

In the critical field of cold reduced sheet, production in 1959 was 13% up on 1958, and will rise again by perhaps as much as 20% in 1960. Further expansion at existing strip mills and construction of two new mills at Newport and Ravenscraig, work on which is being accelerated, will meet the likely demand for sheet and tinplate.

What of the other sections of the industry? Although hit by the recession, they have pressed on with expansion. The new Universal Beam Mill at Lackenby, the best of its kind in the world, is in production – indeed, everywhere the nationwide programme of steel development is accelerating. At the lowest point (December, 1958) the industry was operating, on average, at about 70% of capacity. Now the rate is over 90% – of a greater capacity.

Up and Up

Prospects are that there will still be some margin of capacity in 1960 in certain heavy steel products, as a result of continued slackness of demand from railways, coal mines, and shipbuilders. But demand for other types of steel is expected to rise still further.

Steel production in 1960 may therefore be between three and four million tons more than in 1959.

Continued modernisation and expansion – at a cost of over £100 million a year – will provide an efficient steel capacity of over 30 million tons by 1965, a sound basis for competing in world markets.

NEW LIFE IN THE VALLEYS

By Trevor Evans

The "black years" of the 'twenties and 'thirties are not forgotten in South Wales. So it was with deep misgivings that I went back to the village where I grew up.

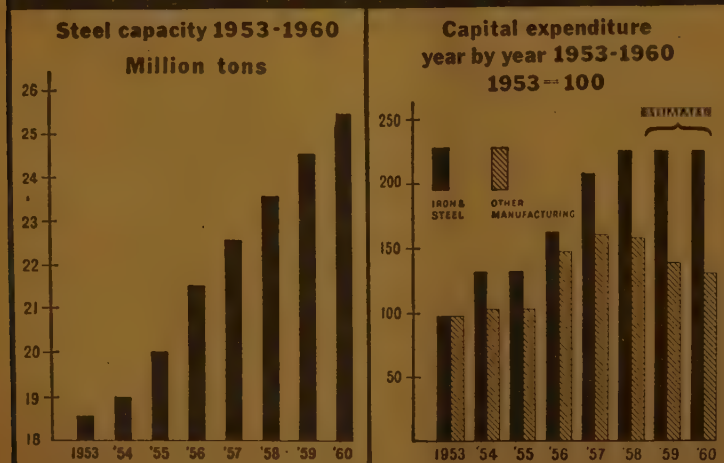
I was never so surprised in my life. There was Thomas Street with upwards of thirty motor cars parked along its kerbs. Thomas Street, which for hours on end in the old days held nothing but Sam Price's milk-float, and Harry Davies's coal wagon.

The houses were spruce with new paint. The house without its television aerial was an exception. Many had refrigerators, and some washing machines.

Peaceful Revolution

The most penetrating comment on changed times came from Mr. Tudur Watkins, the village schoolmaster. He happened to refer in a lesson to soup kitchens. The boys showed the glazed look of

SEVEN YEARS OF STEADY PROGRESS



not understanding. His own son piped-up: 'Dad, what *are* soup kitchens, please?'

I do not claim that what has happened in Abertridwr is repeated in every other village in the Welsh coalfield.



Pontypridd, badly hit in the 'thirties now one of the most prosperous of South Wales towns.

But there has been a peaceful revolution in South Wales. It can be measured in a variety of ways. Take Pontypridd, one of the worst hit of South Wales centres - 76% of the working population unemployed during the depression. Today, it has 1.8% unemployed.

Barometer of Coal and Steel

There is another way of showing the transformation. For generations two industries, coal and steel, were synonymous with South Wales.

The concentration of coal mining on the most economical pits has produced contradictions, with surplus men in parts of West Wales and a shortage of miners in parts of the Rhondda.

Steel, too, has concentrated production on modern plants, but with a surprising and gratifying result.

A number of small works were closed, but at the same time the new Abbey, Trostre and Velindre works of The Steel Company of Wales were brought into commission.

Throughout South Wales and Monmouthshire the total number on the payroll of the steel companies was 52,500 in 1948. It was 55,300 last year.

In West Wales there were 27,900 employed in steel in October, 1947. Last July there were 28,000.

The Industry set up special funds to pay compensation to tinplate workers who lost their jobs when the small works were shut down. Valuable though these provisions are for older workers, an even greater social contribution has been the provision of work for more people.

Confidence in the future

In spite of the changing pattern of coal and steel, the two industries continue jointly to provide work for nearly one-third of all the men in jobs in South Wales.

What of the long-term prospects for South Wales? Here I am an optimist. The workers have proved their adaptability to new skills and new processes.

For years there has been a tussle in the minds of many men in

South Wales between the experience of the recent past and the memories of the years between the wars. Inevitably, it was a conflict between generations.

I hope and believe the victory will go to the younger generation. The future belongs to them anyway.

SIXTY KINDS OF STEEL ON TRIAL - TRIAL BY ORDEAL!

They do brutal things to a car, down at Nuneaton, on the proving grounds of the Motor Industry Research Association. And every time they test a car, sixty different kinds of steel are on trial. That's how many there are in a modern car.

One of the tortures they have devised consists of a pavé track made of rough stone blocks, set at all angles, with plenty of potholes. They like to drive cars across it *fast*.

And what bears the brunt of this savage test?



Steel takes these shock tactics in its stride.

Steel. British steel. Not just any kind of British steel - but a variety of specially compounded steels.

These special steels come from one or other of the many steelworks in Britain that produce alloy steels.

They are made, fastidiously, in special furnaces, with exact quantities of alloying material added to the molten metal.

Nickel may go in, or Chromium, or Titanium, or Vanadium - or any of a score of other ingredients.

Scrupulous sampling and testing follow. Only when the melter is completely satisfied is the molten metal 'teemed'. The end-product is a component to which the car-driver hardly gives a thought - simply because it is so completely reliable. Whenever there's a really tough job to do in a car, there's a special British steel doing it.

There are over 300 steel firms in Britain, producing *thousands* of different steels. One firm alone may make steel to 500 specifications.

All Britain's industries rely on steel - none more than the Motor Industry, whose phenomenal production and export efforts have astonished the world.

**Reports to the Nation on Steel will be issued
regularly during 1960 by the British Iron
and Steel Federation**

(continued from page 177)

heterogeneous as Malone, Pankhurst, Walton Newbould, Bell, and Gallacher, and what is the 'authentic' strain they all shared?

There are other errors of fact in Mr. MacIntyre's talk. However, the previous paragraph contains an interesting example of the question-begging technique he employs. Throughout the review there is the unspoken assumption that any right-minded man reading Marx would come to the same interpretative conclusions as Mr. MacIntyre. Thus, an 'authentic Marxist' one presumes is anybody who agrees with Mr. MacIntyre. In the nineteen-thirties he informs us that the Communist Party was no longer Marxist. Was it a Marxist Party in the nineteen-twenties, or perhaps only February 1920, or was it 1921? Maybe it was during the New Economic Policy that the Communist Party lost its Marxism; or would this date conflict with Mr. MacIntyre's view that in the nineteen-thirties 'Stalin . . . put the revolution into cold storage'?

Such methods of argumentation will not do. Every fair-minded Marxist will admit the strong elements of ambiguity in Marx's thoughts as between, say, the Communist Manifesto and the Theses on Feurbach. A final point: in his Theses on Feurbach, Marx said the philosophers must change history, he did not mean distort it.—Yours, etc.,

Hull

ROBERT E. DOWSE

Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson

Sir,—Although a great many true things were said in the broadcast on January 19 (Third Programme) about Goldie Lowes Dickinson, some wrong impression may have been given to those listeners who did not know him well. The ungenerous remarks at the beginning of the broadcast about his physical appearance seemed quite unjustifiable, for any physical disability that he may have had were so much part of his loving and lovable personality that they became virtues in the eyes of his friends. It was also incorrect to stress that he was not interested in women. He was interested in all human beings. He was devoted to his sisters, and he dearly loved Mrs. Emily Moore, who was one of the few that could read his handwriting, and who typed many of his books. He had many women friends, both old and young.

To one who has listened to many of his lectures and broadcasts he was one of the few lecturers who were never boring. He was a far better lecturer than Bernard Shaw and quite as witty, though with a kindlier wit. Although like many intelligent men of his generation he had little use for Church Christianity he was deeply religious, indeed so much so that he seldom liked to talk about religion. His book *Religion and Immortality*, and particularly the last chapter on euthanasia, express his religious faith. He certainly believed in reincarnation.

William Blake has written: 'Men do not enter the Kingdom of Heaven because they are good, but because they are intelligent'. Goldie was exceedingly intelligent and lived in the Kingdom of Heaven if ever man did, and that is why, by worldly standards, he appears to so many as undistinguished. His great quality was that he was immediately accessible to all who approached him in the right way, though he could be surprisingly rude to those who he felt deserved his resentment.—Yours, etc.,

Petersfield

E. L. GRANT WATSON

'Lifeline' and Hypnosis

Sir,—'A Doctor' writes (January 21) that 'there is no known way in which hypnotizability is recognizable except by hypnosis—or by testing a hardly defined quality described as "suggestibility"'. Unless by the last word he means something rather different from the layman, this would appear to support the comment for which I was originally upbraided: he who is 'suggestible' is surely precisely he who 'holds no very firm opinions'. Or is this a confusion occasioned by language?

He continues that he thinks it unlikely that 'an intellectual's "convictions" about art, or anything else, go any "deeper" than the convictions of the rest of us'. I agree that I should have said 'come from deeper', not 'go deeper'. But I believe he misses my point. Sir Kenneth Clark (who must forgive our debating over his prostrate body) is a professional art-critic presumably because his native bent urged him at some comparatively early age in that direction—a compulsion that operated from within, outwards. 'Hypnotic Subject' will not mind my supposing that she is not a critic of that sort: pictures, I take it, are an intellectual pleasure and relaxation for her, not the essential substance of her life. Are we not, then, to expect a far closer correlation of artistic opinions at conscious and unconscious levels in Sir Kenneth than in her? 'A Doctor' seems under the impression that he is correcting me. I am under the impression that he is agreeing with me, more or less.

As for Mr. Herbert Addison's supposition, in his letter on 'The Edge of the Sixties' of the same date, to the effect that 'Perhaps Mr. Hilary Corke would have been contemptuous of a film showing the "Queen Mary" sliding down the ways into the rain-swept Clyde', it could not be more gratuitous. I gave him not the slightest ground for supposing any such thing. Certainly I described the programme that he objected to, Mr. Muggeridge's 'The Thirties', as 'lively and amusing'. So it was. I added that I found it 'wilfully wrong-headed', 'mischievously angled', and 'containing apparent misrepresentations of fact'. What more does he want? If it is any satisfaction to him, I profoundly disagree with Mr. Muggeridge's interpretations of recent history; a review column is not, however, the place in which to air political convictions.

Yours, etc.,

Abinger Hammer

HILARY CORKE

Hawksmoor and Blenheim

Sir,—Professor Nikolaus Pevsner in his review of the recent scholarly appraisal of the art of Hawksmoor (THE LISTENER, December 31) emphasized the fact that most direct evidence supports the view of Hawksmoor as the guiding and initiating genius in the building of Blenheim Palace at Woodstock. I am bound to endorse his arguments. Certainly, there is nothing to show that Vanbrugh's role as architect to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough was anything more than purely nominal. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was fully content to let Hawksmoor provide the constructive ideas and supervise the practical details during the building of Blenheim, and it is safe to assume that Vanbrugh was never asked to give professional advice on the problems which arose in any way that mattered.

Sarah's correspondence with her soldier hus-

band, had it survived, would have surely given us more than ample proof of this conclusion. As far as available evidence is concerned, however, the Duke of Marlborough's letters to Sarah are extremely instructive, and in his replies we often catch a good glimpse of the way in which the work at Woodstock gradually progressed; for instance, we have the letter which Marlborough wrote to his wife in Grametz on October 1706: 'I hope Mr. Hacksmore will be able to mend those faults you find in the house' [William Coxe, *Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough*, 1820; iii, 102-103].

Yours, etc.,

Pencoed

CEDRIC H. T. PARRY

'Conflict at Kalanadi'

Sir,—Your critic, Mr. Irving Wardle, says my play *Conflict at Kalanadi* that 'the defect of this admirably intended play is that complexity and inconclusiveness, necessary as content, has also dictated its form'. I would seriously suggest that the form would have appeared far less complex if he had viewed the play with even a modicum of attention. There was no *Court Inquiry* but a Committee of Inquiry, something rather different. And the findings of the Committee did not 'go against the Brigadier'. The whole point was that the Brigadier was relieved of his command not only before the Committee had issued its report but even before it had completed taking the evidence. This point was made clearly, and ordinary viewers seem to have grasped its implications quite easily. One could only be surprised, to say the least, that they proved too much for Mr. Wardle.

Yours, etc.,

St. Albans

ARTHUR SWINSON

Travelling in Eastern Europe

Sir,—Although it is mercifully true that, in contrast with some Western countries, honesty is the general rule in Eastern Europe (THE LISTENER'S Travel Book Number, January 19), I think it is only fair to mention certain difficulties I encountered in my recent travels. For instance, I found it very difficult to obtain a menu in Yugoslav restaurants, and consequently it was easy to find myself being charged more than expected. In other countries, such as Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia, hotel vouchers were sometimes made obligatory by the visa authorities. This often runs one into considerable expense, but it is worth knowing that in Czechoslovakia at least it is possible to exchange them, on arrival, for Czech crowns, e.g., at the Cedok Office at Prague Station. On all occasions I found it worth while to make detailed inquiries on arrival as to possible ways of getting round such regulations. Many of them, I think, stem from a bureaucratic tradition which must date back to the Ottoman Empire: Turkey, it seems to be blessed with similar officials, but fortunately there are no visas and hence no hotel vouchers.

Again, in fairness, I would like to excuse Greece from the generalization one of your contributors made about the Mediterranean countries: here I found not only the minimum bureaucracy, but also complete honesty and fairness in all the people with whom I had to deal in hotels, restaurants, and shops.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.18

JOAN MUNDS

The Church beside the Bath

By BASIL MINCHIN

THOUSANDS of people who have been to Italy recently, and visited the ruins of Ostia Antica must have gained a new and vivid sense of reality to what had previously been a vague idea of the life in Roman city at the time when Christianity was just gaining a foothold. Pompeii and other cities overcome by Vesuvius in A.D. 79 are, of course, also wonderful for the same reason, but there is an excitement and decadence about the cities and the bay of Naples, because they are the luxury playgrounds of the rich, which gives them an air of unreality that Ostia does not have. At Ostia one is startled by the extent of the remains, and by houses still having second storeys, not because it has not been preserved in volcanic ash it seems a more natural site for a ruined city. And the blocks of flats, the shops and warehouses—to mention nothing of the bars and even the public lavatory—at Ostia shock our imaginations into activity because this seems a city life we can recognize: it is so contemporary.

Wander through the old *Castrum* along the *Decumanus*—the main street towards the western suburbs, and you will see on the map of your guide-book that if you turn left instead of going along the 'Via della Foce' towards the harbour there is a building on your right marked 'Christian Basilica'. My guide-book does not mention St. Augustine or the death at Ostia of St. Monica and discusses this 'ruined sanctuary' in a few sentences. It hazards that this is the basilica of Saints Peter, Paul, and John the Baptist mentioned in the *Liber Pontificalis*, a work that went through a great many revisions between the fourth and eighth centuries. Many must have

been turned into the ruin and seen what superficially appears to be the remains of a normal church as we conceive one. There is a double row of pillars like a 'nave', and at the far end there seems to be a sanctuary with a side-chapel to the left of it. The site, of course, is desolate; grass grows where once there was undoubtedly stone or mosaic paving. The black structure remains, but the marble veneers that once covered this and gave much richness to the interior have been stripped, except for one or two fragments. Even the white marble pillars have weathered to a dull and chalk-like surface. Like the guide-book, and other writings that I have seen, the visitor is not particularly interested and passes on to something else—and misses what I found to be one of the most exciting links with antiquity.

The Christian community at Ostia was not unique. Mithras seems to have been more popular than Christ. But the Christian community does not appear to have been poor nor to have lacked initiative. They acquired a bath suite—

one of those Roman affairs with hot, tepid, and cold pools, sweating rooms, and so on, where one spent a leisurely hour or two not merely getting clean but relaxing, and where facilities for all sorts of activity and entertainment were provided. The Christians found the atmosphere

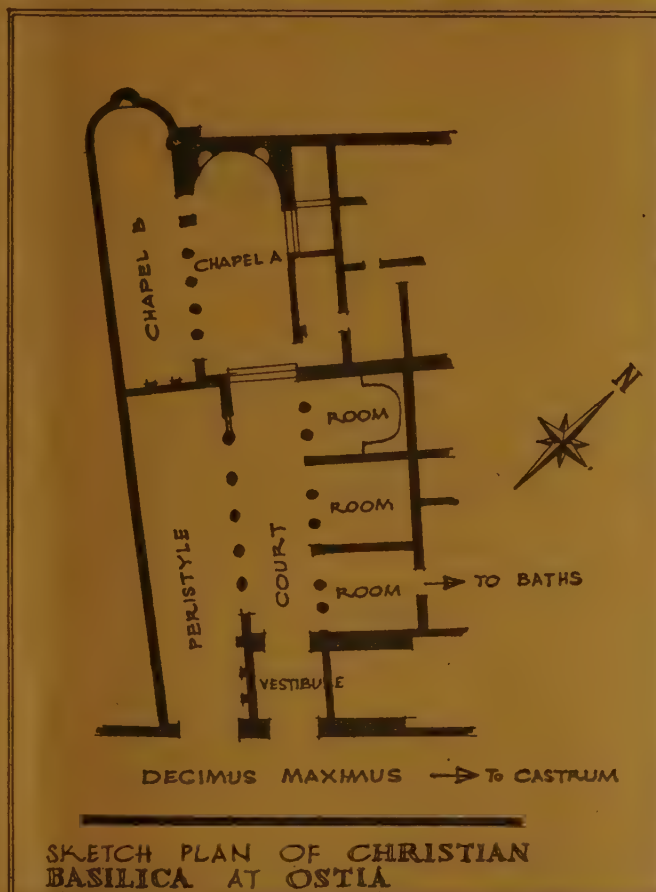
beside the baths, incorporating, it has been suggested, an alley that once ran along the side of them. At first sight it looks like the conventional church which we have grown to expect: yet when one comes to examine the remains more closely there are a number of things which do not fit in with this first impression. For instance, the pillars at either side of the central space belong to different architectural orders: those on the left are doric, those on the right have corinthian capitals. Two steps lead down into what at first looks like the sanctuary, which is at a lower level than what we thought of as the nave. What in a normal church would be a left-hand aisle is a step higher than the centre. The pillars are not very tall and, with one exception, nothing remains above the level of their capitals, but above the surviving pillars of the left-hand range are indications that a horizontal beam once ran along them.

The best explanation of all these facts that I can suggest is that this was not a church building, as we normally imagine it, at all. I do not believe there ever was any roof over the central aisle. This building was, in fact, an adaptation of a Pompeian, or peristyle, house as a church building, but round an open court or garden into which other rooms opened.

Visiting this church in its heyday, we should have turned off the *Decumanus* into a porter's lodge like that of any important house. In a period of persecution, it is doubtless here that we should have had to be identified as members of the Church. Through, then, into the open courtyard with its roofed peristyles on either side. The left-hand walk was probably the place where Christians sat or stood about to meet one another

and discuss church business, and, no doubt, to gossip. There were probably cupboards here, too, in which the less valuable church property like the baptismal robes were kept. The right-hand 'aisle' is still divided into three 'rooms' by solid masonry. Superficially these rooms resemble the chapels of a baroque church, but their use was very different. From the first one, a door led into the baths. One of the others shows traces of a stone bench round the walls. Doubtless these rooms were used for instructing new converts and also were the places where Christians could hold the religious, but not sacramental, meals known as *agapes*. They would hold these meals as memorials of the Christian dead, and to mark social occasions. *Agapes* also fulfilled a function after the Eucharist rather like our parish breakfasts, providing an occasion for the sacramental fellowship of the Eucharist to extend into the social life of the local community.

On a Sunday morning or a festival the Eucharist would be celebrated in what was in



Drawing by J. K. Gabb, from 'Showing Forth Christ's Glory', by Basil Minchin (to be published by Darton, Longman and Todd)

and entertainment at the normal baths hardly consistent with the profession of their religion, and whether to use the baths or not was a question of conscience. At Ostia, however, they could have both godliness and cleanliness; for the Church provided facilities for bathing, without the temptations the use of secular establishments involved.

In his *Confessions*, St. Augustine has left an account of the death at Ostia of his mother. He tells us that when he returned, numb with grief, from the burial, 'the idea came to me to bathe, for I had heard that the bath—called *balaneion* by the Greeks—is so named because it drives anxiety from the mind. I bathed—but was the same man as before. The bitterness of grief had not sweated out of my heart'. Even if the common-sense prescription to cure his state of mind did not have the result he hoped for, it seems more than merely reasonable to claim that it was at the Christian baths that he tried the experiment.

The Christians at Ostia built their church

effect a chapel at the end of the peristyle court facing the entrance. What we first supposed to be a chancel seems very small to be the place for the main congregational act of worship. We must remember, though, that the worshippers would stand throughout the Eucharist and would expect to stand near to the Holy Table. One advantage of having the floor of the Eucharistic chapel two steps lower than the level of the court was that some of the worshippers—and certainly those who were not yet full members of the church, or were under discipline—could remain in the court and still see and hear what went on in the chapel and to some extent join in the worship.

On the left side of what I previously called the sanctuary there was a side-chapel. This was separated from the Eucharistic chapel by pillars; while above the two pillars which make a screen separating the chapel from the left-hand peristyle there still rests a marble beam. On this beam is an inscription in uncials, the kind of lettering used between the fourth and eighth centuries. When the continuous lettering has been split up into words the inscription reads: *In Christo* (represented by the Chi-ro sign) *Geon, Fison, Tigris, Eufrata, christianorum sumite fontes*. And after the inscription there is another sign which does not seem to have been noticed by many of the commentators, a formalized palm branch similar to a favourite symbol used widely in the catacombs. The four Mesopotamian rivers mentioned had been given symbolic status as the four earthly rivers of Paradise. Those who read the inscription are bidden to seize hold of the fountains of the Christians.

Because of this play upon the idea of fountains—or springs—and water, and the naming of the four rivers, many people have assumed that this chapel must have been the baptistry, yet no traces of a font have been found here. There is an overtone to the inscription which makes us think of baptism, but I believe the practical deduction to be wrong. It is the palm-branch sign that gives the clue to the nature of this chapel. It was a *martyrium*—a place where the relics of martyrs and other saintly Christians were collected for veneration when it became the fashion to bring the bones of the local Christian heroes from the cemeteries to house them in the town churches. Devotion to the martyrs had not yet been fully fused with the Eucharist at the time of St. Augustine. In many cities in the fifth century, such as



An inscribed marble beam which rests on the pillars separating the side-chapel from the left-hand peristyle

Salona and Trieste, twin basilicas were being built; one for the performance of the Eucharist and a twin basilica beside it for the veneration of the martyrs. Thus the chapels at the end of the peristyle court at Ostia were small 'twin basilicas' of this kind.

By St. Augustine's time the normal way of baptism was by total immersion. Drowning had always been the symbolism of baptism, but total

immersion had not normally been practised in the early days of the Church. I believe that for baptisms at Ostia they would have used one of the pools in the baths.

Further light is thrown on the meaning of the inscription by early Christian art. Very early, on the gilded decoration at the base of glass cups, and upon stone coffins, Christ is represented symbolically as the sacrificed Lamb standing upon mount Zion, from which the four rivers of Paradise flow. The same idea was transferred to the painted or mosaic decorations of the apse behind the sanctuary. Here Christ is generally shown as a man, throned, but from the rock upon which he sits flow the four rivers of Paradise—examples can still be seen at Rome and Ravenna, though dating from the sixth century. The power of this imagery is shown by the language used by St. Augustine in his *Confessions*. He tells how he and St. Monica stayed at Ostia, evidently in one of the better-class houses or blocks of flats, with a garden in the centre of the block. He writes:

She and I stood alone leaning in a window which looked inward to the garden within the house where we were staying, at Ostia on the Tiber. . . . There we talked together, she and I, alone, in delight . . . we were discussing in the presence of Truth, which is You, who the eternal life of the saints could be like But with the mouth of our hearts panting for the great waters of your fountain,

the fountain of the life which is within you: that being sprinkled from that fountain according to our capacity, we might in some sense meditate upon so great a matter.

Within a week St. Monica was dead. Now did that conversation take place because she and St. Augustine had seen the inscription in the church? It is a possibility, at any rate. The remains of the Christian place of worship

Ostia can give anyone with an informed imagination a vivid picture of the varied life of the Church there—at a time when the Christians had but a short time before dropped the custom of worshipping in one another's houses. It is also a moving link with St. Augustine and his saintly mother, and brings home to us the faith of the Church which was still struggling in a largely pagan world—in the transforming power of the sacrament of life that flows from Christ, enabling those identified with him to glimpse, desire, and in some measure to share the perfection of life in full communion with Christ that we call Paradise.

—Third Program



View along the central aisle, showing on the left the doric columns, and on the right those with corinthian capitals

Photographs: A. Brunel

Graphic Art in Ancient Greece

By BERNARD ASHMOLE

OF the great classical Greek paintings on wall and panel nothing remains, and any attempt to reconstruct the history of their development or to estimate their quality must rest on indirect evidence, namely, the testimony of ancient critics; the drawings on vases; an occasional mosaic or painted tombstone; and copies made in later times for Roman emperors. The evidence is of unequal value: ancient critics, who in this case are Roman writers paraphrasing lost Greek works, are apt to be confused or supercilious; later copies of lost paintings vary in quality, and their fidelity cannot be assessed easily, if at all; only the vases, original, contemporary, and plentiful. But vase-painting, despite its high achievements, was in Greek opinion a minor art, and no vase-painter's name is thought worthy of mention by the historians of antiquity, from which it may be inferred that the highest talents normally went elsewhere. Moreover a vase-painter's aim is usually to decorate the curved surface of a vase, not to make an independent picture or to copy one: and his range of colours is limited. The prospects for the historian of Greek painting seem forbidding.

Yet the darkness is not equally dense everywhere. For early archaic times, before paintings of large size were attempted, vase-painting is probably a good index to the achievements of contemporary panel-painters, and the two kinds of painters may indeed sometimes have been the same people. Even in late archaic times the vase-paintings are so excellent that they seem likely to be almost equal in quality to the other kinds of painting which have disappeared. It is only when the major painters appear, in the early classical period towards the fifth century B.C., to produce elaborate compositions on a large scale and to experiment with foreshortening, that vase-painting falls seriously behind. A century or so later, when painting in the modern sense—as distinct from vase-painting—really begins, vase-painting as a significant form of art has almost ceased.

Professor Robertson begins his new book on the Bronze Age. Here, in addition to vases, there do exist some fragments of wall paintings and a few sarcophagi of painted terracotta which afford tantalizing glimpses into a world otherwise lost. The study that follows, of the history and development of Greek drawing, as illustrated by the vase-paintings of the eighth, seventh, and early sixth centuries B.C., could hardly be bettered: the austere discipline of the archaic style; the faint echoes of Egypt; the impact of the Orient; the relationship of vases to contemporary wall and panel painting; the principles of composition; the relative importance of various schools; all these are carefully discussed.

By the last quarter of the sixth century Athenian vase-painting had overcome its rivals, and it therefore inevitably forms the main theme of the next part (nearly half the book). The drawings on these vases, supreme in their own field, are executed in silhouettes with inner

is a partial and for the most part painful mimicry: the white-ground vases—many of them masterpieces in their own right—tell us much about the general state of drawings, but do not attempt to copy the large paintings in other media.

For the fourth and later centuries the author makes what can be made of the sayings of ancient writers, of the later Athenian and the Italiote and Siceliote Greek vases, of the Pella mosaic, and of one or two Roman paintings which can be shown to contain older Hellenic elements; and he estimates the advances that were made in perspective, in illusion, and in the use of colour. It is a pity that—because they appeared in the book on *Roman Painting* by another author in the same series—the paintings from the Villa at Boscoreale and the Alexander mosaic from Pompeii, although discussed, are not illustrated; they are two most important documents for Greek painting, and should surely have been reprinted. There is also a serious omission in the earlier part of the book: from the kylix, the shallow drinking-bowl which was one of the most remarkable and characteristic shapes produced by the Attic potter, we are given nothing but the circular pictures from the interior; the long series of friezes drawn on the outside of these cups are all omitted.

Otherwise there can be nothing but praise for the selection of pictures, which includes many that are familiar and important, and others no less important which are far less familiar. All are in colour, and it is natural to ask how far this helps us to understand the colour of Greek painting. It is obviously useful for the fragments of Bronze Age frescoes, for mosaics, and for anything that is a painting rather than a drawing: but so far as colour is concerned; when one has seen a dozen black-figured or red-figured vases one has seen them all; nor is the colour-combination of black and terracotta the happiest that man has devised. It should be added that the tones are usually as true as modern devices can achieve, and if the colour has the curious effect of making the small pictures of large vases look Lilliputian and the enlargements of details Brobdingnagian, that is because, to be lifelike, reproduction must be equally realistic in every respect, including that of scale: the pictures nearest in size to the originals are the most successful.

As for the text, Professor Robertson has performed his difficult task with admirable skill, and, despite the uneven nature of the foundations, has produced a well-balanced book. He extracts all that is to be had from the evidence, yet never strains it unduly: his style is easy but sensitive, and free from technical jargon: and he interprets the myths, which naturally loom large in any book on Greek painting, with sympathy and charm.



Fragment of an Athenian cup from Eleusis (Attica), depicting Triton: late sixth or early fifth century B.C.

markings: at first in black on the red surface of the vase with details scratched, a technique which is followed and almost entirely superseded by silhouettes 'reserved' in the red with a black background, and details in painted lines: the outline style—black lines on a white ground—though of early origin, was by comparison little practised until the fifth century. The important difference between the black or red figures of the vases, and the figures in wall painting, must have been this dominance of the silhouette; and although we can be fairly certain that Greek painting was always specially concerned to produce a strong and intelligible bounding-line, silhouette is more than that: it bars the way to developments in the rendering of spatial depth, atmosphere, light, colour. These are anyhow irrelevant or even contrary to the vase-painter's primary aim, the decoration of surface, and when they take place in wall-painting the vase-painter emulates them with difficulty or not at all. Some red-figured vases tell us something about the new compositions devised by wall-painters in the fifth century, and about the progress of their drawing, but it

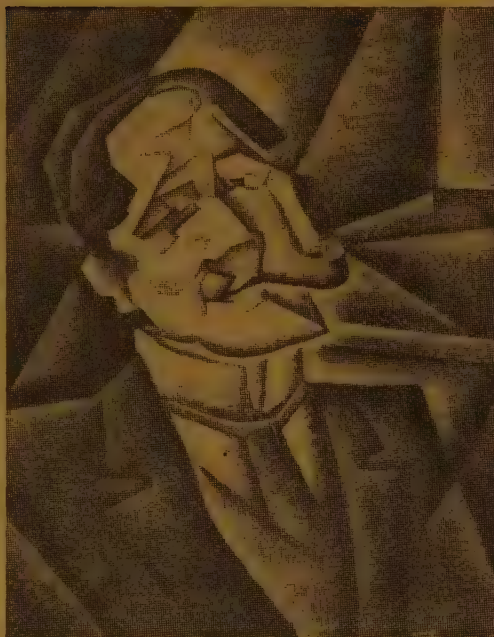
The Evolution of Cubism

By BASIL TAYLOR

CUBISM was, if not necessarily the most important, at least the most radical artistic revolution since the Renaissance'. So Dr. Golding begins his capable book.* Were the words 'radical' and 'important' to be transposed, the statement would come closer to, if not actually to the point of, the truth. If the most significant change that can take place in any of the arts is a transformation of its particular language, the grammar of form, then certainly cubism was the most radical development to have taken place in the method of pictorial representation, in structural and spatial projection, since the fifteenth century. But if we believe that it is possible for more fundamental changes to occur in the nature of an art and its usage, then it is clear that certain manifestations of Dadaism, for example, represent a more significant break with tradition. Dr. Golding, however, is a style-historian and his book is essentially an exercise in style-history, being in fact the most detailed examination yet to appear of the first seven years of cubist art.

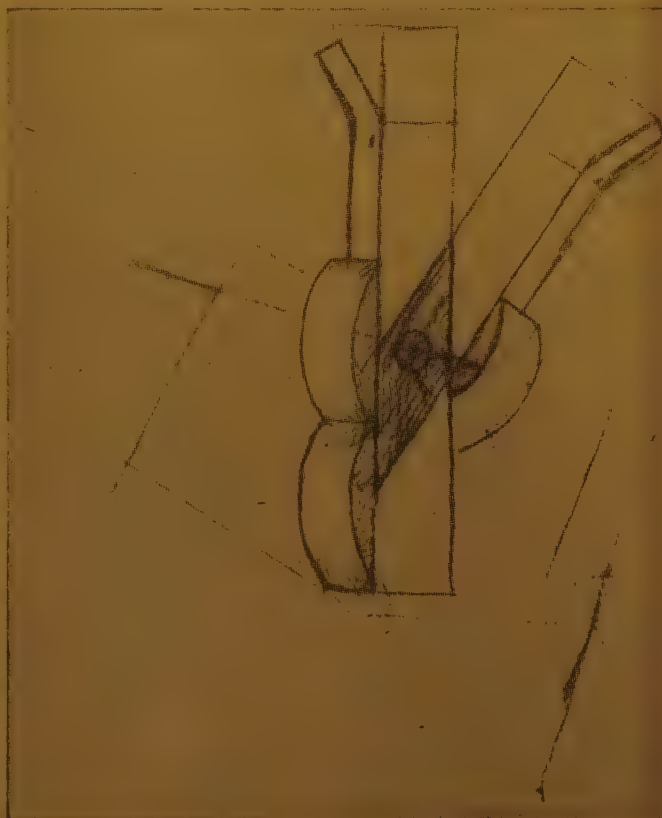
A certain phase of cubism has been called 'hermetic', and this is a hermetic book. Dr. Golding properly demonstrates that this was an exercise, conducted primarily by Braque and Picasso, which took place if not in monastic secrecy at least with some of the privacy of a scientist's research laboratory. And he is content to stay in the studio, keeping the doors shut and the curtains drawn against the world outside. In his voluminous quotations from criticism and comment, he does not avail himself of a historian's temporal perspective, but only uses material written on the spot. His glances backwards, forwards, or outwards are limited and reserved. Accepting for the moment, but only for the moment, his limitations of his method and viewpoint, this is undoubtedly a useful book.

It is Dr. Golding's first major publication and he could hardly have chosen a more difficult theme. Merely to explain the physical evolution of cubist form requires the gift of penetrating observation, the power to distinguish minute niceties of style and, what is more important, if the specific contributions of each artist are to be isolated, a sensitive response to the less tangible elements of their art. To judge his work by high standards, the image presented by the book is considerably underexposed. The analyses of the pictures are not eloquent or suggestive enough in conception or vocabulary to give a vital account of the morphology of the movement. Those who know the main literature of cubism will not find here in the discussions of individual pictures any fresh observations or intuitions. And the structure of his argument is never articulated with a sufficient precision to leave a clear historical statement. The book



'L'Homme à la Pipe' (1911): oil: by Juan Gris

is, in fact, too reserved in tone, and one cannot help believing that it must stem from a doctoral thesis. There is about the thing a determination not to utter any conclusions which are not verifiable in the most literal sense.



'The Guitar' (1913): charcoal on paper: by Juan Gris

This is to come back to the limitations, even in the discussion of such a theme, of the stylistic method employed. It is characteristic of the austerity of Dr. Golding's approach that he does not give any considerations to the relation between the cubist projection of space and structure and the relevant scientific ideas of the period which have usefully, if somewhat loosely been considered by other writers. In terms of narrowly verifiable documentary evidence such speculations may seem hazardous, but properly handled and controlled they cannot fail to illuminate the problems proposed by the style. Another profoundly interesting and important question which, although it is not altogether absent, tends to get obscured in the safe greyneess of the study, is to what extent cubism attempted a systematic method of pictorial projection comparable with the system of central perspective, and to what extent it was both an empirical and intuitive exercise, each picture depending upon the discoveries made through its predecessors rather than upon any external, theoretical model.

In this respect the career of Gris is particularly important, and Dr. Golding seems hardly inquisitive enough about the nature of the 'mathematical' drawings recently found in Paris (see lower illustration). There is no doubt, also, that the nature of the work of Picasso, Braque, Gris, and their immediate associates would have been illuminated by the activities of the Futurists and of the pre-1914 Marcel Duchamp as well as by a more substantial account of cubism after 1914 than Dr. Golding allows himself in his final chapter. If we do not want anything as spicy, and relaxed as Roger Shattuck's *The Banquet Years*, it is a pity that a book which aims to fill so important a gap should fail to draw upon the richness of material and reference surrounding the immediate studio behaviour.

There is another failing of this volume which cannot be attributed to any extent to Dr. Golding and that is its physical make-up. It is a detailed stylistic study containing much comparative analysis, but the good reproductions are not only placed at the back but are grouped by artist. This makes it difficult and tiresome to pursue the particular courses of argument suggested by the text. It is not a minor question special to this case, but involves the larger issue of the relation between book design—still in its pre-cubist phase—and scholarship. We urgently need some rethinking here, especially in the field of art books which continue to offer a clumsy and inefficient vehicle of scholarly communication. The technical difficulties are obvious, but they are not insuperable; who knows, if new forms could be devised they might inspire some new directions in art-historical writing.

* *Cubism: A History and Analysis 1907-1914*, by John Golding (Faber, £3 13s. 6d.), from which the two illustrations are taken

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Weekend in Dinlock. By Clancy Sigal. Secker and Warburg. 16s.

Reviewed by J. R. ACKERLEY

WHY DO THEY HAVE to lie about us, lad? Tell that . . . All my life I've been a miner, and haven't read the truth about us once. Not true. This self-conscious question was put to Mr. Sigal during his visit to 'Dinlock', a composite Yorkshire mining village (he seems to have visited a number), and this book, which appears to lie somewhere between fiction and social survey, is his response and remedy. He is a young American writer with some knowledge, apparently, of mining conditions in the States, who meets in London a notorious miner named Davie, puts him up, goes boozing with him, and receives in return an impulsive invitation to 'Dinlock'. It is not seriously intended and attempts are subsequently made to retract it; but Mr. Sigal wants to see and goes.

Handsome young Davie is presented to us in such depressing terms that, in spite of the publisher's assurance that 'once started, this book is impossible to put down', I personally wondered for how long I could continue to hold it up. A talented painter, as well as an aristocrat in the mining hierarchy (he works on the coal face), he is described as 'vain, cocky, glib, sincere'. He is torn between the demands of art and of mining, addicted to benzene, aggressive when liquored up, always spoiling for a fight, soaked in self-pity. Touching though he may be to Mr. Sigal, we feel we have met him before, with his 'pieces of rock for friends' and 'long, almost womanish lashes', frequently drunk and looking about for someone to bash, and we may be pardoned for not taking him to our hearts.

Nor is Mr. Sigal's weekend in drab 'Dinlock' the most exciting of experiences (unless to a social scientist), as he himself allows. He stays with Davie, sleeps on an improvised bed in the living room, meets his sullen wife and his children, but not his two spinster sisters of whom Davie is ashamed and shuffles out of sight. He goes into other miners' houses, meets their sullen wives (mostly prematurely aged), their numerous children, radio and television sets. All interiors seem much the same. For most of the rest of the weekend he and Davie pub-crawl. The village contains three miners' pubs, 'West Clu', 'West Clu', and Pub, and from one to the other and back again Mr. Sigal is taken, drinking with Davie's mates and learning about their customs, politics, opinions, social and sexual lives (no homosexuality, the emphasis is on manliness, ability to use fists, pride of village, pride of pit), their quarrels, cliques and intrigues. The evenings end in maudlin sentimental songs—and Davie, of course, gets in his sh. It seems an awfully long weekend.

But if 'Dinlock' and Davie lack charm, there is a charmer in the book, Mr. Sigal himself, and it is due to the warmth of his personality, his good nature and serious considerate mind that we read on. And we are at length rewarded. For he returns to 'Dinlock' six months later (Part 2

of the book) for another weekend, and now the scene in which he was feeling his way before comes to life, he is accepted now, personalities thaw and expand, Davie has had a pit accident and has become more human, his wife more forthcoming: it is as though a barren land had bloomed beneath Mr. Sigal's friendly hand. The climax of the book is his visit to the mine where his pub friends work, like 'dirty heroes', at the coal face, Davie among them—for pride of pit has triumphed over art in the end.

Taking this book primarily as a sociological study, it is a remarkable tribute to this quiet young American that he got himself admitted into this closed, narrow community and that he has described it with such insight and sympathy. There is no nonsense about miners' language; certain epithets, seldom printed in England, are printed here, and a good thing too. That any reader, after closing the book, should dash up to 'Dinlock' for a weekend is highly improbable, but we are all indebted to Mr. Sigal for having provided us with such interesting reasons for not wanting to go.

Adventures with the Missing Link

By Raymond A. Dart, with D. Craig Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

For twenty years and more after the discovery of the first infant *Australopithecus* at Taungs in 1924, Dr. Dart struggled to convince sceptics of the humanity of these ape-like hominids. The argument that morphological characters could not be judged properly from an immature specimen no longer held water when the late Dr. Robert Broom started finding remains of adults of the same general form as 'Dart's baby'. But it was still hard to accept creatures with such small brains and ape-like faces into man's family circle, even though the fossil pelvis proved conclusively that they walked upright. Since anatomists were unable to define the borderline between apes and men, the only acceptable criterion seemed to be the one suggested by archaeologists: that although apes may occasionally be tool-users, man is a tool-maker.

Thus began Dr. Dart's second great battle—to prove that the Australopithecines actually made tools. It still rages, though it seems that victory may be in sight following Dr. Leakey's discovery last July of *Zinjanthropus* associated with crude stone tools at Olduvai in Tanganyika. Pebble-tools have, in fact, been found at Australopithecine sites in South Africa too. At the Limeworks Cave in Makapansgat valley none occur in the grey breccia containing abundant Australopithecine remains, though they have been discovered in the overlying pink breccia which has yielded a jaw, and recently a skull, of *Australopithecus*. This could mean that ape-men were still living in the valley at the time the pink breccia was formed and that they made the stone tools; or it could mean that a more advanced hominid made the tools and preyed upon the Australopithecines (Dr. J. T. Robinson believes that the tool-maker was *Telanthropus*, though his theory is not mentioned in Dr. Dart's book).

The particular bee in Dr. Dart's bonnet,

which buzzes away on nearly every page, is concerned not so much with tools of stone as with those of bone, tooth, and horn—the so-called 'Osteodontokeratic' culture. Dr. Dart has gone to immense pains to substantiate his theory that the Australopithecines had a pre-Stone Age culture. He has made statistical analyses of thousands of bones chipped laboriously out of many tons of breccia; explored hyenas' dens to disprove the suggestion that these animals were the bone-collectors; and induced colleagues to manufacture 'tools' by hammering and twisting bones from the Sunday joint. His case for the antiquity of murder, seen in fractured baboon skulls and in a broken jaw of *Australopithecus* himself, seems well proven. But the idea that these cannibalistic hunters were kind to their children and toothless grandparents, feeding them pulped meat from bone 'apple-corers', is harder to swallow.

Sir Arthur Keith wrote of Dr. Dart: 'Of his knowledge, his power of intellect and of imagination there could be no question; what rather frightened me was his flightiness, his scorn for accepted opinion, the unorthodoxy of his outlook'. If these are faults in a man of science, they have resulted in a most readable and fascinating book. Let us hope that Dr. Dart's retirement as Professor of Anatomy in the University of the Witwatersrand last year will mean that he will be able to devote far more time to shattering orthodox opinion and stirring the sluggish waters of anthropology with his stimulating theories. We may not always agree with them, but they are most refreshing.

SONIA COLE

Kepler. By Max Caspar, translated and edited by C. Doris Hellman.

Abelard-Schuman. 30s.

It is surprising that though Kepler was one of the greatest astronomers of all ages there has hitherto been no definitive biography giving an accurate survey of his life and work.

This gap was filled in 1948 by the publication in German of this biography by Professor Max Caspar. The greater part of Caspar's life was spent in collecting and assembling information about Kepler, in studying and analyzing his writings, and in editing a number of volumes of the new and monumental edition of his works and letters. The collapse of Germany at the end of the second world war interrupted for a while the continuation of the publication of the volumes of this edition and thereby provided Caspar with the opportunity to write a definitive biography. This excellent English translation will make the work available to a much wider circle of scientists and historians.

Johannes Kepler was born in 1571 and died in 1630. His whole life was therefore spent in a troubled period of German history. When he entered public life, the Catholic Church, in the so-called Counter-Reformation, had set to work to win back the position it had lost during the Reformation. Kepler himself was a Protestant with deep religious convictions. When he entered the University of Tübingen, it was

with the intention of becoming a priest. While pursuing his studies there, which included philosophy, mathematics, and astronomy as well as theology, he was much influenced by Maestlin, one of the most capable astronomers of the time. From him he learnt of the views of Copernicus, which could not then be openly taught, and he soon became an ardent advocate of the Copernican theory, which his own subsequent work was to establish on firm foundations.

His first post was that of mathematics teacher at the Protestant Seminary in Graz. During the six years that he spent in Graz he published his first important work, the *Mysterium Cosmographicum*; married; and made the acquaintance of the great Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, who had come to settle in Prague at the invitation of the Emperor Rudolph. The progress of the Counter-Reformation gradually made the position of Protestants in Graz more and more difficult and Kepler himself was eventually banished from the city in 1600. This unfortunate turn of events proved however to be a blessing in disguise, for Kepler turned to Tycho Brahe, who engaged him as his assistant. After a short illness Brahe died in 1601 and the Emperor appointed Kepler to succeed him, with the title of Imperial Mathematician, transferring to him the instruments and incomplete works of Brahe.

Kepler was thereby provided with his great opportunity, though it was a period of continual financial worry, for his salary was paid irregularly and was always heavily in arrears. Yet despite the continual political, economic, and spiritual unrest of his time, Kepler was always able to forget his worries when he turned to his astronomical studies and pondered over the mysteries of the universe. They were a light to him in the darkness with which he was surrounded. During his twelve years in Prague he discovered the first two of his laws of planetary motion, which the accuracy of Brahe's observations had alone made possible. The 2,000-year-old axiom that the motions of the planets must be compounded of circular motions was thereby overthrown. The problem of finding the place of a planet in its elliptical orbit at any given time was difficult before the invention of the calculus, but was solved by Kepler by a process of summation for small arcs. The two laws and their derivation were published in the *Astronomia Nova*.

The third of his laws of planetary motion was not discovered until 1618. Before then he had moved to Linz as district mathematician, after the tumult of war had reached Prague and his imperial master had abdicated. His position there was always difficult. The Counter-Reformation still pursued him; he was excluded from communion on grounds of dogma; public confidence in him was undermined; he was persecuted and his personal safety threatened. But he found encouragement and consolation in his work and published two great works while there, the *Harmonice Mundi*, in which his third law was announced, and the *Epitome Astronomiae Copernicanae*. The former of these was his favourite work, over which he had pondered for many years. The printing of his books involved him in many difficulties because of his straitened finances. He had to buy a printing-press and even to set some of the type himself.

For many years he was occupied with the preparation of the astronomical tables, known as the Rudolphine Tables, from which the posi-

tions of the planets at any time could be obtained. Before they were ready for publication, the Thirty Years' War had started, a period of great political disorder and instability. The Reformation Commission placed his library under seal; Linz itself was besieged and suffered heavily; his printing press was destroyed. In 1626 Kepler left Linz for Ulm, where the printing of the Tables was completed.

Kepler died in 1630 in Regensburg. Within two years of his death his burial-place and the entire churchyard were swept away by the ravages of the war. Thus fate, which in life gave him no peace, pursued him even after death.

Kepler was not only an astronomer; he was also a mystic. He was convinced that in the creation of the universe there was a divine plan, that in it a harmony was to be found. In this work, Professor Caspar has given not merely a full account of Kepler's life but also a detailed analysis of his publications and his modes of thought. Kepler had sought to explain his laws physically on the basis that the Sun is the seat of a moving force. He prepared the way for Newton, who showed that the laws followed from his hypothesis of universal gravitation. This is a great book about a great man.

HAROLD SPENCER JONES

Quebec, 1759. By C. P. Stacey.

Macmillan. 35s.

This, in the year of its bicentenary, is the fourth account to be published of the siege and capture of Quebec. With it the point of saturation has been reached. Here, in all likelihood, the last word has been spoken on this famous amphibious operation and on the controversial parts played by Wolfe and Montcalm.

The author is equipped with certain advantages not enjoyed by his three predecessors, Messrs. Hibbert, Connell, and Lloyd. Colonel Stacey is a professional soldier, a Canadian intimately acquainted with the terrain and having easy access at Ottawa to Canadian archives which include the invaluable Northcliffe Collection. Lastly, as Official Historian of the Canadian Army in the second world war he has had great experience in interpreting evidence in military operations—experience which, as he drily observes, has shown him 'how memory can play tricks on an officer after some lapse of time, especially in cases where the officer's own interests or prejudices are engaged'. In retrospect both interests and prejudices were prominent factors in the retailing of the Quebec campaign.

If Colonel Stacey is a little hard on those writers who, lacking his expertise, have accepted traditional and soldiers' tales too uncritically, he is modest in putting forward his own viewpoint and interpretation of events during those dramatic months between the arrival of Wolfe before Quebec and his death on the Heights of Abraham. Montcalm he declines to regard as a great if unfortunate commander, arguing that he lacked the indispensable qualification of first-rate generalship—ability to forecast his antagonist's intentions. He made the fatal miscalculation of believing that the British fleet could never get above and manoeuvre above Quebec, and when it did and when the enemy were established on the Heights of Abraham he committed the tactical blunder of attacking too soon before Bougainville could arrive with the best troops in the French army.

Colonel Stacey's estimate of Wolfe is naturally one which will interest his British readers. It is not a flattering estimate but it is difficult to deny its justification on the evidence adduced. He sees in Wolfe a 'Hamlet-figure', unable to make up his mind. His strategy—a dithering which extended over many weeks—'presents a painful spectacle'. His final plan was substantially the conception of his brigadiers. Where he departed from it by choosing for a landing the Anse du Foulon rather than the less hazardous Cap Rouge neighbourhood further upstream he was taking a tremendous risk.

It is true that earlier he had written 'in war something must be allowed to chance and fortune'; but what he was now allowing was the survival of the entire army committed to his care. He triumphed but only, Colonel Stacey explains, because of a sequence of lucky chances, the failure of any one of which could and probably would have spelt disaster. 'A plan', he writes, 'which requires so much luck to succeed is not a good plan'. To him Wolfe is an excellent tactician but a 'hopeless' strategist, the sort of officer 'who should never be given a large independent command . . . but (who) as a battlefield commander deserves to rank high'.

In all respects *Quebec, 1759* is an important and scholarly book indispensable to students of the campaign. It is hard, however, to discover any justification for a work of this length—it has fewer than 200 pages of text—carrying so formidable a price.

W. BARING PEMBERTON

The Junkman Smiles

By C. R. G. Worcester.

Chatto and Windus. 21s.

No wonder the Chinese Communists consider that so many of the foreigners who lived in their country between the wars were spies! A missionary, expelled from China as a 'foreign agent', told me in Hong Kong that his Chinese interrogators had never understood why he had wanted to collect rainfall figures. He had hoped, he said, to write a short but very learned paper for the university magazine, which had never yet accepted his contributions.

Mr. Worcester, a member of the Chinese Maritime Customs in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties, was, and probably still is, at least as bewildering to the Chinese authorities. What he was most interested in was the design of Chinese boats and how they were worked. He sketched the different movements of the oarsmen round Hangchow who row their boats by foot; and in the interior of China he had models made of the river junks that have crooked bows and crooked sterns. The crooked-stern model is now in the South Kensington Museum. But in Peking any official, reading the file that undoubtedly is there on Mr. Worcester, will certainly conclude that the model was first meticulously examined for their own mysterious ends by the dark powers of British Intelligence.

The junk carpenters who made the models under Mr. Worcester's direction were, he writes, mystified at the time. Mr. Worcester told the men who made the crooked-stern model for him that it was wanted in London. They explained patiently to him that a junk as small as seven feet would hardly be useful for carrying salt (the ordinary cargo of standard-size

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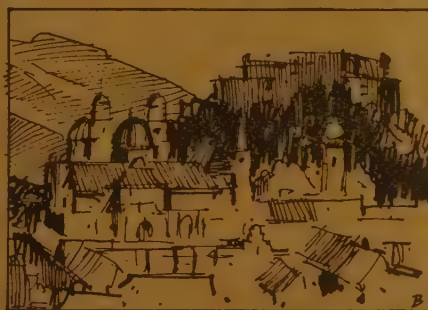
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A Review of English Literature

The first issue of this new Quarterly edited by

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was published on January 25
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ks on the Yangtze). But the carpenters eventually persuaded to follow Mr. Worcester's patterns; and the local authorities, though suspicious, went no further than an attempt to stop Mr. Worcester sketching.

No local official today would dare condone an evidently suspicious and counter-revolutionary conduct as Mr. Worcester's; and the carpenters would anyway be far too busy filling their quotas for the Carpenters' Co-operative to have time for a foreigner's whims. In China Mr. Worcester travelled in and wrote about is very far away nowadays. The shopkeepers who bargained with him now produce receipts in triplicate, and the bug- and rattlen inns he stayed in have been replaced by concrete and steel hostels adapted to the taste of visiting Russian technicians. The biggest change of all perhaps is that now no one can write about the Chinese in Mr. Worcester's tone of kindly patronage for an inefficient but often endearing and amusing people.

Where, however, the Chinese are still inefficient and picturesque, where shopkeepers still bargain, inns are dirty, and pickpockets still, as they did on Mr. Worcester, is now in China itself but in Hong Kong, Formosa, and among the Chinese of south-east Asia. It is a curious fact that Mr. Worcester, writing about his working life in China, can be read either as a pleasant historian of a vanished society, or as a modern guide to present-day life in the overseas Chinese communities.

LOIS MITCHISON

Wall Street. By Martin Mayer.
Doubleday Head. 21s.

This is a vivacious and jaunty book. It seeks to give the reader a comprehensive picture of Wall Street, including not only accounts of the functions of the main institutions of the American financial market, but also descriptions of their physical location, of their office furniture, of the texture of their carpets, of the ways of life of stenographers and caretakers, so that at the end one has the feeling that one has been living in the midst of it all. There are many references to particular people of importance, some in terms of high praise, others less so, to the extent that one sometimes wonders if the author had taken the precaution of getting a preliminary opinion on the law of libel.

The book is not one of description only. Interwoven in the narrative there are a number of sound assessments of the value of various procedures and arrangements. Only someone with first-hand practical experience in Wall Street could be qualified to pronounce on their utility.

We have recently had a notable descriptive account of the functions of certain British financial institutions of different but overlapping range. It is intriguing to speculate on whether the learned Radcliffe Committee, after taking copious evidence in solemn conclave, has succeeded in packing more or less valuable information into its somewhat greater number of pages than this high-powered and brilliant journalistic reporter. He also gathered his evidence, but less methodically.

Despite Mr. Mayer's raciness, the Radcliffe report is probably easier to read all through, even for an Englishman. On the long haul the sedate, lucid and correct prose wins against the clatter and slang of Mr. Mayer. One be-

comes wearied after a time by his vivid imagery, brilliant though it sometimes is, by his indefatigable, but too manifest, attempts to stoke up our interest, by his illustrative dialogues, imaginary or real.

Well, I felt sorry for the guy, who was in some trouble and I called — and I told him the story. — said, 'Did the guy give you a hard time?' I said, No, he was just unhappy, he hadn't tried to blame the Exchange for it. — said, 'Did he ask you to call me?' I said, No, it was my own idea. — said, 'Do you like the guy?' I said, Yes, he's a nice person.

'Okay', — said, 'Cancel the deal. We'll get the stock some other time'.

A moral was drawn: 'If you give — a straight story, and you're square with him all down the line, he'll go down the line for you. All he wants to know is that you're level with him'.

— is a kind of folk hero . . . and he lives in a place that only a folk hero could tolerate—the trading room. This unornamental narrow box looks like the wardrobe of a destroyer, and sounds like the engine room of a battleship.

There is plenty of this sort of thing. Nonetheless the book is full of information of real interest; it is a remarkable *tour de force*.

ROY HARROD

The Latin Love Elegy. By Georg Luck.
Methuen. 22s. 6d.

Born in Berne, Dr. Luck has progressed by way of Paris and major American universities to a lectureship at Mainz. English readers will be grateful to have in their own language a book on a worth-while subject by one who is well up in it. Its purview includes those who have to be told what a dactyl is, but it is kept down to 172 pages by economy in quotation, so that it requires constant reference to a text; and in fact it is most likely to serve students of the classics, who will find here a lot of information conveniently marshalled. They may learn most from an incidental chapter in which it is elegantly demonstrated from Callimachus's fragments that he probably influenced Tibullus at least as much as his avowed follower Propertius. On the origins of subjective love-elegy, so much discussed, it diverges from orthodoxy in allowing more possibility of influence by lost Greek predecessors, and in belittling the contribution of comedy.

But what matters most is the literary criticism. This is often acute, but some large reservations suggest themselves. It is clear that Catullus, in an elegy such as No. 68 to Allius, was 'pouring out his soul' like a lyric poet, and equally clear that Ovid was writing up erotic situations like a dramatist or satirist. Literature as self-expression has passed into literature as entertainment. But it is not made clear by what steps Propertius passed from the one to the other. Sometimes, again, one feels that a poet is being taken too literally. A whole chapter devoted to Propertius's view of his art, *Sacra Facit Vates*, credits him with believing that he wrote by divine inspiration. And all that symbolism about springs, pools and streams at varying heights on Helicon—does it amount to more than a grand conceit? What Propertius wanted to say was simply, 'I am a follower of Callimachus and his unfrilled style, and therefore unsuited to sing martial themes, Maecenas'.

Dr. Luck, (who sensibly disbelieves in the reality of Ovid's Corinna) discusses *Amores* III, 14 for several pages *à la* Hermann Frankel as

though it were a serious revelation of Ovid's soul, only to show in his last two paragraphs that he really understands well enough what the game was.

Quintilian was inclined to award the palm for elegy to Tibullus, merely remarking that there were some who preferred Propertius. To us great-grandchildren of the Romantic Movement this verdict is astonishing. 'Tibullus's style reveals the careful effort of an intelligent and sensitive writer', says Dr. Luck quite justly and sufficiently. But Propertius is an explosive genius, with something of the passion of a Catullus, the power of a Lucretius and the imagination of a Virgil. Dr. Luck, who devotes thirty pages to each, seems to think that Propertius's abruptness and extravagant imagery make him difficult for the modern reader. But it is precisely the modern reader who has rediscovered him. Elsewhere he says: 'Propertius's work is profound in feeling and the result of great technical virtuosity. He has pushed language to extraordinary limits and charged it with meaning to the utmost degree. His obscurity is ultimately connected with his sincerity'. That is nearer the mark. Postgate nearly a century ago compared his mode of utterance with Blake's. One cannot but regret that so sensitive and well-equipped a classical scholar has not grasped the chance of paying an extended 'Homage to Sextus Propertius' purged of the perversities of Ezra Pound.

L. P. WILKINSON

International Literary Annual 2
Edited by John Wain. Calder. 25s.

In his introduction to this second issue of the *International Literary Annual* John Wain informs us, with evident lack of regret, that he is now to cede the editorship to someone else. 'I have spent far too much time and energy', he writes, 'explaining that the absence from the *Annual* of any survey of the Bengali epic does not mean I am plotting to reinstate the British Raj, or that failure to review Finnish theological works does not necessarily brand a man as an atheist'. Mr. Wain certainly has one's sympathy. But the truth is, of course, that if you call something 'International', then there are a great many things you will be expected to include in it; so that Mr. Wain is seen to have invited his own persecution by the mere fact of having taken on the job—clearly a hopeless one from the start. For how can one hope to assemble a representative—or even partially relevant—selection of international comment on a whole year's activity when 250 pages is apparently all the space allowed?

In the event, Mr. Wain has put together a collection of intelligent magazine pieces with a few poems thrown in, and the result is very like a long and strictly average number of *Encounter*. English readers will enjoy Anthony Hartley's tight-lipped but sensible sermon on cultural problems in a welfare democracy; while William Cooper's debunking of the experimental novel is enjoyable in a beery sort of way. There is an interesting essay on Iris Murdoch, some standard comment on Pasternak and Nabokov, and a few useful lists at the end. From all of which it will be clearly seen that this is reputable monthly journalism between stiff covers, and it is really rather a doubtful proposition to pretend it is anything else.

SIMON RAVEN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Mr. Betjeman's Hols.

WHERE DOES THE SOUL of documentary lie: in the matter or in the treatment? In both, of course. But the hardworked professional does sometimes appear to lean too heavily on the former. 'Look here', one imagines him saying, 'this is an absolutely marvellous subject: let's run down tomorrow and take some shots and run them up into a feature'. That is not a mistake the poet would make: he knows, just as the painter knows, that in the light of the full play of imagination the matter becomes, so to speak, immaterial.

We seldom have the chance of comparing our own efforts with those of a television team; indeed, 'Remembering Summer' (January 19) is the one and only documentary feature that is likely to be attempted by the amateur—though he probably will not think of it as such, as he presses the button of his cine-camera at his wife and young while they disport themselves upon some chilly over-populated English shore. Mr. Betjeman's programme (the third in this series) was simply, in fact, 'My Hols. in North Cornwall'. It is a beautiful part of the world—the less beautiful now as the more be-villa'd: but there was nothing very out of the ordinary in its sequences of rocks, sands, ferry-boats and surf-riding. And yet the whole thing added up to a most powerful evocation of the uniqueness of an individually experienced place. Why? First, of course, because of the deeply poetic commentary. I do *not* mean that false poetry beloved of the fundamentally unpoetical and devoured by them in the place of the true—a verbal icing of emotives slapped indifferently over all. I mean precision and keeping one's eye on the object and being faithful to the sensitivity of one's own reactions; I mean that to a shot of luke-warm sea spuming about in a rock-cleft Mr. Betjeman added the quiet comment that, as a child, 'I used to think of it as ginger-beer'—then, after a momentary pause, 'I still do'.

There was direct poetry too. 'I've done some verse about it here', said our host in his blandest style, and proceeded to declaim a long extract in a manner that left no room for doubt that listening to blank verse in the heart of the Woman's-Hourly deserts of a Tuesday afternoon was a perfectly normal occupation. Only, and this is the point, the commentary and the verses alike were completely integrated into the visual material. And *vice-versa*: there were loving close-ups of typical wild flowers of the region, of tamarisk sprays, of the fern-crowded cracks of a Cornish wall—a striking object-lesson, to put it in schoolmasterish terms, on how the enjoyment of landscape is enhanced by the knowledge of botany; in human terms, a lesson on how an afternoon on a Potteries bomb-site brings more real pleasure to the imaginative man than a tour through all the galleries of Italy to a coach-load of thick-heads.

In parenthesis, I often notice how plants, just as strange and beautiful in their own ways as

beasts and birds and insects, are comparatively neglected by the television camera. I suppose it is because they don't rush about and wave their bushy tails at the lens. But Hans Hass's excellent programme on 'Mangroves' (last Thursday) showed that there are considerable possibilities in this direction.

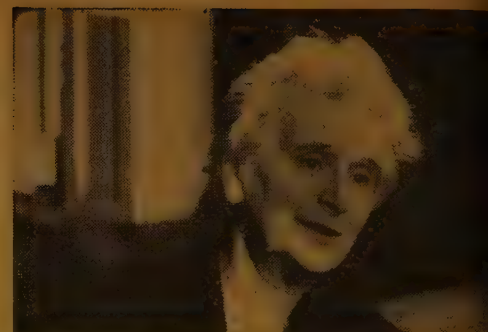
I thought that 'Man before Adam', a programme built round the discovery this summer, by Dr. Leakey in Tanganyika, of the earliest known human skull, conveyed scientific information at a most properly judged pace and level. For the first few minutes David Lutyens, the compère, was a trifle on the hearty-apologetic



'Man before Adam': Dr. John R. Napier (left), Dr. Kenneth Oakley, and Mr. David Lutyens with a chimpanzee in the programme on January 19

side—it is evidently always a mistake, on television, to attempt to make excuses for one's own enthusiasms: but soon everybody forgot to go on apologizing for not being bored, and a very informative and stimulating forty-five minutes followed. It was particularly interesting to learn how muscular dispositions, posture, eating-habits, and so on can all be safely inferred from a solitary skull; and the traditional old jibes about mad palaeontologists reconstructing complete monsters from a single tooth were made to look a little less pointed. The producers of the recent 'What is Life?' might care to note that 'Man before Adam' used one compère and two experts, in contradistinction to their own mammoth bill of more than a dozen luminaries; and that the impact was in inverse proportion.

'I Want to Go to School' (last Friday) was rapturously announced as the *première* of an 'outstanding documentary'. Oh dear no. This was just the old stuff, radiant children's faces



Madame Marie Rambert, founder and director of Ballet Rambert, being interviewed in 'Monitor' on January 17

in echoing corridors, the noises of the playground, all sweetness and socialized light. This was 'relying on subject' with a vengeance. And the commentary was the usual earnest business all heavy with false significance. 'I takes a teacher a month to weigh up class', summed up the solemnly regional accent. Fraught pause. 'It only takes class a week to weigh up a teacher! Implication: 'Aren't children subtle and marvellous!'. And is it not thoroughly obvious that it is easier to 'weigh up' one individual standing on a dais and spouting, than forty separate and distinct individuals crouched shyly over desks. As this programme rolled on, I began to think that I must have strayed into the wrong channel. Is *everything* in the modern school world really so utterly prosy? Surely this was a commercial for the Ministry of Education? And then, sure enough, in a flash at the end, hastily suppressed as to become almost subliminal, was the information that the film was 'produced for the National Union of Teachers'!

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

Keeping the Vitals Intact

ANY ADVANCE on ninety minutes? An advance on ninety for this epoch-making record-breaking comedy? Higher taking than the Ziegfeld Follies. Can we say ninety-five? Once banned in public libraries. Can we say a round hundred?

Reductions of stage works as sacrosanct as, if less gargantuan than, Shakespeare's *Man and Superman*, used to move on of my distinguished predecessors' resolute and repeated efforts to step a bidding. But his entreaties had no discernible effect on the general practice of knocking down Ibsen and Chekhov at the standard length. And I would not myself go all the way with him in his complaints against the procedure: besides the objection that television ought not to discriminate in favour of the drama audience, productions themselves are continually showing that stage works can survive surgery with the vitals intact.

There are, of course, many exceptions; and *Man and Superman* is among the plays which the ninety-minute pencil cannot fail to mutilate. ATV's bantam-weight production in 1958 made this plain: all philosophic anchorage was cut away, and what remained was a comedy of charm and brilliant effrontery, somewhat on the lines of *My Fair Lady*, in its relationship to the parent text. Eric Crozier, in his adaptation for 'Twentieth Century Theatre', decided that the irreducible minimum lay well above the ninety-minute length, and produced a high-

factory version lasting an hour and fifty minutes with an interval. I do not expect, nor do I, to see this regularly adopted; but it is surprising to find that, when there is good reason for over-running, programme planning can be flexible.

Stylistically, Shaw's writing does not easily lend itself to television. It is not merely the length of the speeches that makes them inimitable, but also their aria-like character. In the original production, when producing Shaw, used to cast his actors to play like Italian opera singers; and one wonders what directions he would have given to a television cast, for nothing could be more alien than high-flying rhetoric to the muted atmosphere of studio performance. The variety of roles employed by Harold Clayton's cast revived admiration for the immaculate uniformity of the production of Victor Menzies's production last year, but at much more arbitrary and mannered play, as in *Millionaires*.

Andrew Cruickshank scaled down the character of Roebuck Ramsden to one of bland dignity; admirable, when he had dignity on his face, in weighting every phrase with placid self-control, he recoiled from the Pantaloon aspect of the part, resorting in moments of discomfiture to muttered imprecations instead of spluttering rage. John Southworth's Octavius was perfunctorily judged—ardently ineffectual in a belted frock coat, and delivered in a quavering faltering tone similar to Robert Eddison's.

One could disregard James Donald's lapses of memory in the central part of Tanner if they had not appeared as a symptom of a generally poor reading. Tanner, according to Shaw, is 'a big man with a beard'; the figure Mr. Donald presented was a trim, clean-shaven dandy who might have stepped out of a Wilde comedy. An unlikely person to have written *The Evolutionist's Handbook*. He had no defences against the predatory Ann, played with invincible forcefulness by Barbara Murray (close-ups only strengthening a part that, on the stage, seems unequally matched).

The opinions I passed some weeks ago on Mr. Cooper's television plays have not been repeated, as I had hoped they might be, by *Where the Party Ended*. I simply do not understand a brilliant radio dramatist, whose craftsmanship and subject matter are equally arresting, to jettison his qualities so completely when moving to another medium.

Where the Party Ended opens with a gang of men digging through to a bank vault. They are held up when their tunnel collapses, trapping a man under the debris. Call it a stereotyped device if you wish, but once I see crooks on

the job I expect them to get on with it. But Mr. Cooper lets them abandon it on discovering they have unearthed an unexploded bomb. This presents us with a new play—the one about will-he-get-the-fuse-out-in-time? But once again the author refuses to give the situation a fair run: what matters is not whether the bomb is made safe, but whether it is handled by the authorities or by one of the thieves, a former bomb-disposal man who turned to crime after an act of cowardice. If he handles the bomb he will regain self-respect, and for much of the time he wanders about pondering his agonising decision and discussing



A scene from Shaw's *Man and Superman* on January 24: Andrew Cruickshank (left) as Roebuck Ramsden, James Donald as Jack Tanner, and Barbara Murray as Ann Whitefield



George Cole as David Bliss and Sheila Sweet as Zoe Hunter in *A Life of Bliss* on January 21



Michael Gwynn (left) as Jack and Dudley Jones as Barry in *Where the Party Ended* on January 19

it with a nihilistic ex-Aldermaston girl, constructed, so it seemed, from documentaries and articles on modern youth. Their main scene was handled for all it was worth by Michael Gwynn and Elizabeth Shepherd, but when they return to the bomb their conversation has already put it out of action. On this play Jack Tanner, as usual, has the last word: 'My dear Tavy, your pious English habit of regarding the world as a moral gymnasium built expressly to strengthen your character in, occasionally leads you to think about your own confounded principles when you should be thinking about other people's necessities'.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Chekhov Domesticated

IN A SECOND-HAND bookshop this week I found a copy of the *B.B.C. Handbook for 1930* and turned to the drama section. In 1929 they had been putting on a series of the world's great plays, and there was a rueful note saying that some of them, including *The Cherry Orchard*, were 'perhaps unsuited to broadcasting'. It is good that such pessimism should be ignored, but I think that the doubts and reservations I had about a fresh and intelligent interpretation of the play (*Home*, January 18) may be blamed on the medium.

The Cherry Orchard is a marvel of truth and theatre. At their most preposterous its people talk with a compelling ordinariness; their affectations are real and the cosy madneses to which they retreat have a comic homeliness. Only in emotional crises does anyone fully listen to and answer anyone else. Normally, as in life, conversation consists of parallel monologues diversified with a little bumping and boring. Yet this reality is achieved through complex and highly theatrical organization. It is a play of arrivals and departures, forgotten or obtrusive servants, uninvited guests, intrusions and overhearings. The movement, exits and entrances matter enormously and cannot be covered by door noises. Again, the play is a comedy despite the tears of the characters and the seriousness of the themes. But its patches of slapstick are visual, and it is hard for a listener not to take soliloquy at its face value or to interpret laughter by people of the drama as silly or cruel without seeing the reactions of those laughed at or being in an active audience. Several times I found myself muddled about who was speaking or laughing, and though the play is about confusion it ought to be very clear indeed.

My impression is that we were given a fairly full text in its usual order, and my most serious grumble is that the timing made it come out rather flat. The death of the orchard and its possible symbolic extensions were rightly played down. Chekhov wasn't mourning for the property difficulties of cultivated but very silly and self-centred aristocrats. But I felt that the exasperated good intentions of Lopakhin were somewhat smothered. And the scenes in which the intellectual Trofimov makes the sentimental Lyubov Andreyevna turn on him, and justifies

himself almost to Anya, the least hopeless figure of the company, did not hit hard enough.

The new translation by Manya Harari marks a real advance, being fluent and colloquial especially in passages of dialogue where the awkwardness of literal translation used to make everyone sound additionally incoherent or daftly 'Russian'. There were even moments when this version was so smoothly Englished that a reference to serfs or vodka proved handy for keeping the necessary distance of time and place. But it is better to say 'peasant' than 'moujik'; and 'You should know your place' is infinitely to be preferred to 'One should not forget who one is'. It seemed unnecessary, by the way, that this production should clash with Dibdin's *The Recruiting Serjeant* (Third).

With all possible piety towards W. H. Auden and due admiration for a bravura performance by Beatrix Lehmann, *The Dark Valley* (Third, January 21) was no good. Auden can never be less than eloquent and some of his apocalyptic performances once curdled the blood in the public interest. But this address by an old woman to a tame goose she was about to kill rambled on with vague symbolism and petty social comment to no purpose. It was first performed in 1940 in the United States, doubtless the wrong year for making fables about civilization. Another rhetorical piece about life which sometimes grew hazy with an excess of powerful adjectives was '... And Barley Rigs' by Jessie Kesson (Third, January 22). But this had more of a story, roots in a locality, and credible information about the actual work, money earned, and common amusements of the people concerned, as well as their aspirations and despairs. It need not be kept for an elect audience.

How much training and special knowledge is needed to appreciate regular or serial entertainments is a question I must return to. Revisiting *The Goon Show* (Home, January 21) after missing it for months I found myself out of touch with the special logic of the proceedings, and had better keep quiet until I have caught the habit again. The Goon studio audience was no help, roaring with joy at the louder sound effects and taking the bits I understood in chilly silence. Somebody is evidently right out of sync.

The standard of 'Matinée' plays is very respectable. On two successive Saturdays (Home, January 16 and 23) there have been cheerfully ironic, likable comedies. *The Silent Brothers*, after Arnold Bennett, petered away inevitably at its snap ending, but *We Do But Teach* by Alan Cowan was funny and touching throughout and no less improbable about the pains and pleasures of schoolmastering than my own experience of that occupation. The Wednesday double bills can generally make only a simple point in their half-hours but *Personality Plus* (Home, January 20) had a witty idea that stated it neatly.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



International Relations

IT HAS BEEN a week of conferences, Cypriot and Kenyan; and talks and features have focused our thoughts still more closely on international relations. In the first of them, 'In the Place of Empire' (Third, January 18), John Strachey and Michael Edwardes discussed the need for a new relationship between the ex-imperial Powers and their former colonies. I had anticipated a sad, Gibbonian half-hour among the ruins of the Capitol, but fortunately I was wrong. I cannot say either speaker was blessed with powers of oratory; but between them they did make a stirring case for the Commonwealth.

Gone are the days (1870-1913) when every single year we invested half our national income

abroad; gone, with *les neiges d'antan*, are the days of 'wild investment in superfluous goods like gold and diamonds'. But, a strange paradox, it seems that empires don't pay, that countries are much more prosperous without them; and we not only have a different sense of security, we have accustomed ourselves to the dissolution of empire. Yet (and this was the crux of the talk) this rapid dissolution does bring us, in England, its own psychological problem. Have we a new national mission to fill the imperial vacuum? One speaker suggested, cynically, that the Commonwealth was a psychological reason for making us care about other parts of the world. I was very glad that the talk didn't end here; for the Commonwealth (as they went on to say) is more than an antidote to parochialism. It involves us in peace, it helps avoid the breakdown of democracy, and it offers a cause to the young and gifted who need a cause. 'We mustn't just send money, we must send people again', insisted Mr. Strachey. No, this was not an end but a new beginning.

From the development of empire to the decline and fall of Germany, and to 'Shadow of the Swastika' (Home, January 19), which made many useful points in a brief half-hour. It was a crisp and cogent commentary on the wave of anti-semitism and neo-nazism in Germany and Austria; and if, as one German said, 'indoctrination cannot go away like fog in the morning sun', Mr. Ward and Mr. Woodward showed us that thinking Germans are genuinely distressed and ashamed at recent events. This was one of those alert reports that the Features Department do especially well; and, given the right interviewer (and Mr. Ward has sympathy and authority), I find this sort of programme much more effective than any scripted talk on the German tragedy.

'Goldworthy Lowes Dickinson' (Third, January 19) kept us still in the field of politics, for Dickinson (d. 1932), the author of *The International Anarchy*, took a prime part in launching the League of Nations. Reminiscence brought him back clearly: an ugly, chronically ageless figure, with 'an air of abstracted puzzlement'. There he sat, in a garden at Hereford, in the early days of the first world war, scribbling down his plans for an international brotherhood. We saw him dining in hall at King's, wearing his black silk mandarin's hat with the little red button on top; we saw him worshipping Shelley, Goethe, and Plato; we saw him encouraging pupils with charming humility, and confirming Mr. Philip Noel-Baker as a pacifist. Perhaps he was really 'the last Victorian'; he was certainly one of those rare, high-minded dons who leave a benign and lasting influence and remain touchstones of behaviour. His style of teaching was, from all accounts, hypnotic; and I wish Mr. Laws had included a recording of 'Low Dickens' (after all, he loved to broadcast) so that we might judge his performance for ourselves. The programme was (to an Oxford ear) not so much a tribute to a political theorist as a pleasant Cambridge anthology; and it never took us far from King's Parade. But then, as Mr. E. M. Forster observed: 'That's the trouble about Dickinson—one can't thunder about him'.

I could thunder a good deal about Mrs. Pandit, whom I heard in 'Frankly Speaking' (Home, January 20). The trio of interviewers seemed unnecessary: Mr. Freeman should have had the road to himself. But despite the congestion, Mrs. Pandit remained 'quite, quite serene', and gave a fine self-portrait of a modest, dedicated, and rather lonely woman who had remained wonderfully feminine in the man's world of politics and diplomacy. 'I love the human race, and I've never been really bored', Mrs. Pandit insisted. She gave the impression of a complete human being; and when Mr. Freeman finally asked her, off the cuff, what she'd die

for, I admired the brisk, gay common sense of her answer: 'I don't believe in dying for things I want to go on living'.

I have a few more words at my disposal, and I must answer a touching *cri de cœur* from a producer. In his recent book, *The Art of Radio*, Mr. Donald McWhinnie deplored the negligible criticism given to sound broadcasting. I agreed with Mr. McWhinnie long before I read him. My one lament, as the writer of this column, that I cannot hear twice the programmes and give them twice the space. My few weeks' intensive listening have already strongly confirmed my deep respect for the Talks and Features Departments.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Heterogeneity

IT WAS SCHUBERT who, with god-like liberality, provided the week's most intense musical pleasures. In 'The Tuesday Concert' (Home, January 19) we had the C major quintet; on Friday, in the Third, a well-chosen group of songs; and the following evening in the invaluable 'Music at Night' (Home Service) there was the F minor Fantasy for piano duet. All this is music at once domestic and magnificent—which means that in these corrupt times we hardly ever hear it played as well as it deserves. Many of us must have stumbled with a friend through the Fantasy, for example, but if we are amateurs we are most unlikely to have produced a performance with a quarter of the elegance or (more important still) the continuity of this one by Bernice Lehmann and Kinloch Anderson. And so with the songs too. The sympathy between Ilse Werner and her accompanist, Martin Isepp, was something that we are most unlikely to rival at home. This was a fascinating recital, ranging from such favourites as *Du bist die Ruh* to the sombre and much less well-known *Der Jüngling und der Tod*. Miss Wolf already shows considerable sensitivity to words; if she can get rid of the slight feeling of carefulness that constricts her interpretations at the moment she will be amongst the finest lieder-singers in the country.

Schubert's music speaks to us directly and, as it were, in a natural tone of voice. He demands of us, if we are musicians, nothing more than our attention. But this same week has compelled us to come to grips again with two composers who demand a great deal more than mere attention—they want sympathy and even unqualified acceptance. That is more than I can quite manage to give Mahler's Third Symphony. I'm afraid, in spite of the finely conceived performance given by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Berthold Goldschmidt (January 17/Third). Here the attempt to cram the whole world into ninety minutes' music seems to have been too much for Mahler. The basic non-musical idea of the symphony is an inspiring one: certainly: contemplation of the created universe from its lowest to its highest manifestations leads man towards the love of the creator, hymned in the final, wordless *adagio*. But although the time-scale of the work is no more vast than in some of his later music Mahler had not learnt at this date (1895) how to weld such a wealth of material into a convincing musical structure. The first movement is exhaustingly over-ambitious, and it was not much help to the listener when the second movement was made to follow it (this was a B.B.C. recording) without the slightest break; Mahler asks for a rather long pause here, and it was, to me, sheer carelessness: that this should have been omitted in transmission—particularly since the remaining pause between movements were rather long.

But if his time-scale and his gigantic formal schemes are a stumbling-block in appreciating Mahler, so too is another aspect of his all-inclusiveness, the frequent half-ironic, half-stylized references to other styles than his own 'normal' one. These bitter-sweet quotations (or rather, parodies) are part of the self-consciousness that enriches a tradition in decay, and since Mahler's case they are all drawn from his and the common musical tradition they fall easily to place within his own style.

But what are we to make of the all-inclusiveness of Messiaen? Bird-song, plainsong, Indian music—no question of a common tradition here. It would be tempting to regard Messiaen as being at the mercy of an insatiable technical curiosity, if it were not that all his diverse

borrowings are clearly pressed into the service of expression. After all, no one's scores are fuller of instructions on how to feel when performing (and presumably listening to) the music than Messiaen's. Just how much of this comes across is another matter, and I confess that at the end of Yvonne Loriod's recital in the Thursday Invitation Concert (Third, January 21) I was moved only by intense admiration for her playing. Messiaen seems to have reached a point where heterogeneity is self-defeating as a means of increasing his music's expressive range—which is its avowed purpose—and resulted in a traditionless amalgam of styles.

Comparative novelties included a repeat (Third, January 18) of the Petrassi-Dibdin(!) double bill that had been heard once before. In

spite of Bernard Keffe's excellent translation, of Norman Del Mar's sympathetic handling of the rather eclectic score, and of some good performances—notably from Lloyd Strauss-Smith and John Mitchinson—Petrassi's *Morte dell'aria* failed to come across to me in any very definite way.

In a concert from Manchester, Arnold Cooke's Violin Concerto received its first broadcast performance in this country (Home, January 22), and made rather an agreeable impression. It is a conservative piece, but without the pomposity that so easily afflicts conservatives. That enterprising young violinist Yfrah Neaman was as eloquent an advocate for it as could have been wished.

JEREMY NOBLE

Hungary's History in Kodály's Music

By COLIN MASON

Kodály's 'The Spinning Room' will be broadcast at 8.0 on Wednesday, February 3 (Third)



KODÁLY FIRST TURNED seriously to writing for the stage shortly after his first great national and international success with the *Psalmus Hungaricus* (1923). Nearly all his music written after that has a didactic purpose, sometimes overt, as in the many choral pieces he wrote directly for educational use, sometimes disguised, as in the stage works and the orchestral dances. Having realized that there was no Hungarian public for the kind of music that he had been writing before the *Psalmus*, he decided to devote his creative energies instead to the task of bringing a musically educated and civilized public. He did about this in two ways. One was to provide a mass of material, much of it based on folk-songs, for school use, to make the public of the future familiar from the first with the national musical idiom. The other, for the existing public, was to compose a series of popular, simple works that would at once appeal to and educate their taste. The results have proved the wisdom of his decision. Musical education at every level in Hungary today is based on Kodály's teaching and on the musical material provided by him. And the orchestral and stage works that he wrote in the decade following the *Psalmus Hungaricus* quickly became popular both in their own country and abroad.

What contributed to their success at home was their inherent and sometimes explicit appeal to Hungarian patriotic sentiment at a time of much bitterness over the loss of large Hungarian territories to the neighbouring countries. This had been an element in the success of the *Psalmus Hungaricus*, which had first made Kodály a popular figure, and there are similar though less conspicuous political undertones to many of the works that followed it. These are strongest in *Háry János*, a sequence of tall tales by an old soldier who has defeated Napoleon single-handed, had Vienna and Marie Louise at his feet, and has returned home to settle in his native Hungarian village with his peasant sweetheart. In *The Spinning Room* and the two orchestral sets of dances the political element is not so strong, but the melodic material is all taken from the territories that Hungary had recently been deprived of—Transylvania, given to Czechoslovakia, and Marosvásárhely, in Transylvania—the region from which the folk-songs of *The Spinning Room* were also drawn. The much later stage-work, *Czinka Panna*, written for the centenary of the 1848 revolution, also has a patriotic and partly historical subject, but there has been no chance yet to bring the public to react to this. After the first

performance in 1948 objection was made to Béla Balázs's libretto on ideological grounds. It will probably be some time before an objective reappraisal of it is made.

The more or less plain political themes and implications of these works do not, of course, mean that Kodály was consciously trying to appeal to nationalist sentiment in order to win the sympathy of the public, nor that he identified himself with Hungarian chauvinists. It was simply that as a composer (and even as a scholar) he was interested almost exclusively in Hungarian subjects—Hungarian poetry, Hungarian history, Hungarian folk-tunes, and above all in the establishment of a true Hungarian musical tradition. The emphasis in his works on the folk-music of the territories that Hungary lost at Trianon is merely a reflection of the fact that these were ethnographically the most interesting regions, where many of the oldest and most beautiful folk-songs had been found. This was particularly true of Transylvania, where many of the traditional songs and customs of peasant life were preserved in an older and purer form than anywhere within the borders of Hungary after Trianon. This is why *The Spinning Room* is set in Transylvania, and uses the tunes of that region. In an article published in 1927 Kodály wrote:

What do I want with the old Transylvanian songs? This question still comes up time and again. There are still people in whose hearts the seed falls on stony ground, to whom the songs alone say nothing, who regard them as at best curiosities for a museum. A museum! That is where her enemies would like to shut up everything Hungarian, and put it on show under glass. . . . But to no avail. Hungary is still alive, very much alive, and is not yet willing to become a museum-piece. Transylvanian folk-song still lives too, unsilenced even for a moment. It is making itself heard still more now, and the sound of it penetrates the closed room of Hungarian musical life like a fresh spring breeze.

To show the still sceptical or indifferent Hungarian public these songs in something like their proper setting was Kodály's main object in writing *The Spinning Room*. The original version of it was his first stage work. It was composed in 1924 and performed more than thirty times in that year. But it was eclipsed soon afterwards by *Háry János*, and in 1932 Kodály brought out a new and expanded version. In the intervening years he had completed his great series of folk-song settings for solo voice and piano accompaniment, published under the title *Hungarian Folk-Music* (fifty-seven songs in ten

volumes), and about half of the two dozen tunes in the revised version of *The Spinning Room* are from this series, with practically identical accompaniments arranged for orchestra. The new version became almost as popular as *Háry János*, and has remained in the repertory in Hungary ever since.

It differs in genre from Kodály's other two works for the stage in that it contains no spoken dialogue. *Háry János* and *Czinka Panna* are strictly plays with music, whereas *The Spinning Room* is hardly more than a mimed song-cycle for soloists and chorus, with no real 'libretto' and only a very flimsy framework of 'plot'. In the opening scene a woman and her lover (who, for reasons not made clear, is in flight from the police) sing a sorrowful farewell before he escapes to safety. Other women and girls of the village come to do their spinning, and take part in a kind of divertissement of fourteen songs and ballads acted out on the stage. The policemen return with the captured lover, who is taken off to prison. The woman sings a lament, an orchestral interlude recalls some of the material of the first scene, the lover returns from prison, and the work ends with a choral dance.

All the songs in the work are folk-tunes, and even the short phrases occasionally inserted to connect one song with the next are taken from folk-song texts. This close relationship of the music to texts that in some cases can hardly be intelligibly translated, and the absence of independent instrumental numbers other than the one short interlude, have prevented the music of *The Spinning Room* from travelling abroad so successfully as the suite from *Háry János*. Because of its lack of any substantial dramatic interest it is much more dependent for its effect on the actual stage tableaux and mime. On the other hand, it has the advantage over *Háry János*, for performance beyond Hungary in the full stage version, of having no long spoken scenes. Kodály undoubtedly intended it for export as well as for Hungary. In the article already quoted he wrote that he would like to take the folk-songs of Transylvania 'everywhere in the world where music is understood, so that through them people may get to know better what they know so imperfectly: what Hungary is'.

It would be too much to expect any of our own companies to try to stage *The Spinning Room*, but if ever the Hungarian State Opera Company is sent here on a cultural mission (and there are rumours that the possibilities are being explored), this should be their first choice.



The Essential Structure of a Cat

By R. A. GREEN

IN THE COURSE of their similar evolution several important differences of structure have taken place between cats and dogs. The range of movements of a

domestic cat is far wider than it is for a dog. A cat can not only jump better and fall safer; it can also scale fences and it can still climb trees. Two differences that contribute to these ends are a flattened face and retractile claws.

The shortening of the full-length muzzle, still present in all wild dogs, seems to have taken place early in the evolution of the cat family. The importance of this to the cats is that now their two eyes can look straight ahead and focus together on a moving object. Apart from the cats, only members of the ape and monkey families, including ourselves, have this advantage. It enables us and the cats to judge distances and depths to a degree denied to all animals in whom the eyes look out sideways.

The cat uses its retractile claws not only for striking down its prey, but also for gripping the branches of trees and the vertical surface of a wooden fence. Unlike the dogs, cats have not

entirely lost the ability to supinate the hand: this gives them a greater mobility for jumping and tree-climbing. Together with the claws, it also enables the hand to be used to some extent for manipulation.

The biggest difference between dogs and cats, however, lies not in their skeleton but in their muscles. A cat has a few extra muscles, and one or two others attached in slightly different relationship to the joints. But the striking difference is the way in which a cat uses its muscles.

Oppositional activity of muscles is present when any mammal moves any of its joints. But the amount of opposition varies in different kinds of movements and in different groups of animals. When a cat is stalking a bird, alternately freezing in its tracks and then gliding forward in a crouched position, the muscles of its limbs are finely balanced in oppositional activity. In this way, any of its joints can instantly be held motionless in any position.

It has been discovered that people of advanced muscular skill, like athletes and ballet dancers, use their muscles in this way to a far higher degree than do other people. They have acquired this skill in the course of their training. The other unconscious muscular quality they have acquired is a high degree of relaxation in all the muscles they are using for any particular movement. Thus, no highly skilled human movement

is possible without the muscles responsible for showing two qualities: maximal relaxation and maximal oppositional activity. The cat family is naturally endowed with both these qualities to a greater extent than any human being, however skilled. It is this double quality characteristic of the activity of its muscles that, more than any other single factor, makes a cat what it is.

A cat always moves with a feather-weight tread that appears to us as stealthy even when he is merely crossing a room. This is because of the way he always uses his muscles: highly relaxed and finely opposed to each other on opposite sides of every moving joint. For the same reason he almost oozes out of your grip as you try to pick him up, and he can step delicately amid china on a tea-table. He can also leap upwards and across gaps between furniture with what looks like effortless ease.

Have you ever been reminded of a monkey while watching a kitten at play—as he scrambles up a chair-leg or sits with neck arched and gaze bent downwards, tapping at a piece of paper with a forepaw? To a limited extent a cat shares the same psychological world as a monkey because he has some of the same anatomical equipment at the front end of his body. But his make-up is coloured still more by those two qualities pertaining to the action of his muscles.

—From a talk in Network Three

Expert Bidding Contest: Heat II

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



Mr. N. GARDENER and Mr. A. ROSE met Mr. C. RODRIGUE and Mrs. F. GORDON in the programme broadcast on January 24, and began impressively with this hand, dealer West at Game All:

WEST	EAST
♠ A 5	♠ Q 6 4
♥ K Q 8 7 2	♥ A 9 5 3
♦ A 8 6 3	♦ K 9 7 2
♣ Q J	♣ A 8

Mr. Gardener opened One Heart with the West hand, Mr. Rose raised to Four Hearts, and that completed the auction and scored full marks. That, in the view of the judges, was the form the auction should take; none the less, it was explained that many modern players adopted more tortuous methods with the East hand, influenced by the honour trick holding. It was a timely explanation, for the next pair went on to establish the point, thus:

WEST	EAST
(Mr. Rodrigue)	(Mrs. Gordon)
1 H	2 D
4 D	5 H
No Bid	

Mr. Rodrigue described Three Diamonds as an under-bid and Four Diamonds as a slight over-bid: torn between the two, he preferred the

slight over-bid. Five Hearts scored six out of ten; Three No Trumps was judged the second best. It was felt by the judges that with such a balanced hand East ought not to fear a direct raise to game since partner might well go on with a hand which would produce a slam. In fact, after his partner's raise to Four Hearts, Mr. Gardener examined the slam possibilities and dismissed them after making the points that his club honours might be wasted values and that his diamond holding was too thin.

This was the second hand: Dealer South: East-West Game.

WEST	EAST
♠ K J 7 4 2	♠ Q 6
♥ Q J 6	♥ A K 8 4
♦ 10 9 6	♦ None
♣ 7 5	♣ A K Q 10 8 6 4

There was the added complication that South had opened with a pre-emptive bid of Three Diamonds, North-South taking no further part in the auction. After West had passed, East (Mr. Rose) made the forcing bid of Four Diamonds. Mr. Gardener, who explained that he would have been obliged to bid Four Spades with no values save a four- or five-card spade suit, said that he had to take positive action to show that he had positive values. He did this by jumping to Five Spades. Mr. Rose, who feared that two spade

tricks might too easily be lost after the dummy had been forced with an initial diamond lead, passed. It was felt by the judges that, having initiated strong action with his bid of Four Diamonds, he should have seen it through and gone on to Six Clubs. With a probable nine tricks in his own hand, a good spade suit opposite would give him twelve tricks, and an unsound spade suit would probably mean that Five Spades would fail. Five Spades failed to score and Mr. Rodrigue and Mrs. Gordon therefore had to score five points to win. They scored six with the following auction:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
3 D	No Bid	No Bid	Double
No Bid	3 S	No Bid	5 C
No Bid	No Bid	No Bid	

It was explained that although a double immediately over the pre-emptive bid would have been for business, a double in the fourth position was optional. Mr. Rodrigue formed the impression that his partner's bid was not as strong as an immediate bid of Five Clubs would have been. The view of the judges was that it had, as intended, shown a stronger hand than would have been shown by an immediate jump to Five Clubs and that it was a bid which might at least have prompted West to consider further action. The final will take place on February 7.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



Cleaning Lamb's Wool

IT IS SNUG to have the lamb's wool in our winter boots making meat ankle ruff; but all too soon the wool gets dirty—and how can it be cleaned?

A possible way is to treat it with one of the dry-cleaning powders. Sprinkle the powder on evenly lavishly, leave it for an hour or so, and then brush it off—preferably out of the window. For myself, I generally resort to foam-mopooing. I often use one of the soapless detergent carpet shampoos: they are good for cleaning lamb's wool because they whip up into really rich foam. I begin by brushing the lamb's wool with a clothes' brush: a surprising amount of powdered mud usually comes off. Then I mop up some foam (not water, just foam), wash it quickly over a little stretch of the wool, and then rub smartly with a clean, dry, rough towel. If one is careful, one can do this without touching the uppers of the boots—important if they are suede. To rinse I usually draw some clean warm water, put in a dash of household ammonia, wring out a small cloth in the solution, and give the lamb's wool one more quick mop all over.

To dry the boots there is no harm in putting them on their sides on the floor fairly near a radiator. When the lamb's wool is dry, it will probably need brushing with a clean brush. I find this technique with foam useful for several cleaning jobs. For example, it suits toys, teddy-bear type, with fabric skins, and gloves with washable fur-fabric backs and unwashable

leather palms. I have used it, too, on things made of felt—slippers and so on. It may sound a rather sketchy sort of cleaning but, in fact, soapless detergent foam is really effective: the proof is in the colour of the water when the job is finished.

RUTH DREW

Queen of Puddings

For six people you will need the following ingredients:

- 1 pint of milk
- 2 eggs
- 2 oz. of caster sugar
- 2-3 tablespoons of jam
- $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of butter (unsalted)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of white breadcrumbs
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of vanilla essence

Put butter and milk in a saucepan and bring to the boil. Mix 1 tablespoon of caster sugar with the breadcrumbs and pour over them the milk and butter. Allow to stand for about 15 minutes to cool slightly, then add the beaten egg-yolks and vanilla.

Butter a 2-pint pie dish and pour in the mixture. Bake in electric oven, approximately 350° or in gas oven approximately Regulo 4, for 40-50 minutes until the mixture has set. Take from the oven and spread the top with slightly warmed jam. Whisk the egg whites until stiff, mix in the remaining 1 oz. of caster sugar, and pile on top of the pudding. Return the dish to the oven, electric approximately 250° or gas approximately Regulo 2, for a further 20 minutes

to set and brown the meringue. This dish can be eaten either hot or cold.

ZENA SKINNER
—Television 'Cookery Club'

Notes on Contributors

- ERIK NOHARA (page 155): an Assistant Editor of *Der Monat*; Editor of *Standpunkt*, a West German students' magazine
- R. W. K. HINTON (page 158): Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge University; author of *Eastland Trade and the Common Weal*
- ERICH HELLER (page 163): Professor of German, University College, Swansea
- DR. M. O'C DRURY (page 163): Senior Assistant Physician, St. Patrick's Hospital, Dublin
- JENS ARUP (page 168): radio journalist; has translated Ibsen's play *Hedda Gabler* for the Liverpool Repertory Theatre
- NOEL ANNAN (page 171): Lecturer in Politics, Cambridge University, and Provost of King's College
- REV. BASIL MINCHIN (page 181): Vicar of Bedminster, Diocese of Bristol
- BERNARD ASHMOLE, C.B.E. (page 183): Lincoln Professor of Classical Archaeology and Art, Oxford University
- BASIL TAYLOR (page 184): Reader in the Department of General Studies and Librarian, Royal College of Art, London
- R. A. GREEN (page 194): Lecturer in Veterinary Anatomy, Cambridge University

Crossword No. 1,548

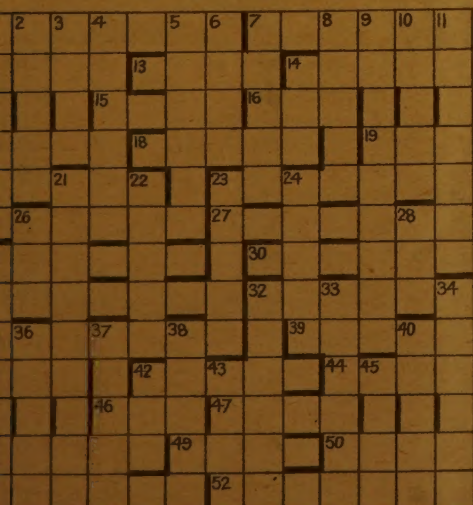
Missing Links—VI

By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 4. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Word-chain: 19 - 52 - 33 - 40 - 1A - 7A - 24 - 8 - 21 - 10 - 29D - 42A - 26 - 51 - 18. This word-chain begins with a verb suggesting punishment, and continues by alternate verbs and nouns to a final noun suggesting punishment. Each link is a synonymous clue to its successor (e.g., LID - COVER - HIDE - PELT - STRIKE, etc.). These links are to be deduced, with the help of intersecting words.



The unchecked letters of the missing links may be arranged as: AH, I TAKE HOPE.

CLUES—ACROSS

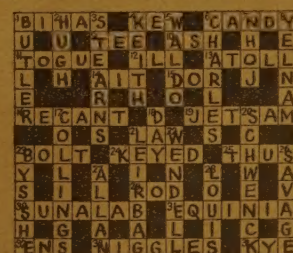
12. Collected anecdotes about love are just bull—not tame, either! (4)
13. Sound of drumming with no perceptible design comes from the wood (4)
14. A tonic almost entirely applied to the organ of balance is decisive (5)
15. Crazy bairn required for allergy test (4)
16. The snag that huntin' has in common with fishin'! (3)
17. Seaweed found around edge of littoral border (4)
20. The pains we used to have in adolescence (5)
23. One can get plenty back through a sieve—it needs rhythmical contraction (7)
25. Lord god of Sun returns in form of Turkish soldier (6)
27. 1D's seat of operations can give a plucky chap hell! (7)
29. It's just a hunch, but with a hundred in the lead we'd have a quiet laugh (6)
30. An honours exam, can make one stumble, and the reverse of very good (6)
31. Loss of will-power shown by guy in Hall—one locked in, too (7)
32. To put lace edging round muslin endlessly requires a special ability (6)
35. A turn so acrobatic, it's rising like a bird (7)
39. Oxford Blue seen by himself (5)
41. It's market-day—dine out, old top (3)
44. The world's a kind of bay, enclosing a bit of land (4)
46. Golly, this radar system makes one get on well (3)
47. This is the stuff for soup—bring back a large vessel, love! (4)
48. An aged descendant, I can't escape from an odour of antiquity (5)
49. Mean trick of Tony Weller's? (4)
50. A broken window is hard to see with one mirror only (4)

DOWN

1. A high-diver, possibly, has to double up in a sort of knife (6)
2. Practise regularly a mystic spell raised by Oriental (5)
3. Hood useful for ancient tub (4)
4. This bottle's quite stale—look! Check! (6)

5. Floating bark held inside an identical one that's overturned (6)
6. Polyphemus, perhaps, having dined—one's missing! (4)
7. Like a strip? You need a romping girl (5)
9. Supper not cooked? Open a bottle! (9)
10. Sheba's sovereign getting the palm (5)
11. Festival's turnover shows a clear profit with kites (7)
14. Allegiance to Queen Bess evident in a parting gift (3)
22. Roman dictator imprisoned by the consul Laevinius (5)
25. Old coin, English, swallowed by tax (5)
28. A feature of electrification is getting one ahead (3)
34. Plaster is wanted around both ends of the see-saw (6)
36. Will this become a moth? I'll have to remain in doubt—its head's invisible (5)
37. Iris gets a refusal—it's a sign of repetition (5)
38. Upset at home, the common mother uses the fist (5)
42. The converted become ardent (3)
43. A struggle following a couple of doubles in a cavern (4)
45. A fence brought up the waiting-maid (4)

Solution of No. 1,546



NOTES

The literary references were: 1. W. B. Yeats: 'The Man Who Dreamed of Fairyland'; 2. A. H. Clough: 'Green Fields of England'; 3. T. S. Eliot: 'Journey of the Magi'; 4. G. K. Chesterton: 'The Secret People'; 5. R. W. Emerson: 'Days'; 6. A. C. Swinburne: 'A Forsaken Garden'; 7. W. J. De la Mare: 'An Epitaph'; 8. U. G. M. Hopkins: 'Pied Beauty'; 17. J. C. Squire: 'To a Lady Beginning to Learn Greek'; 18. C. Day Lewis: 'Buzzards over Castle Hill'; 20. W. S. Gilbert: Quartet from 'The Mikado'; 21. D. G. Rossetti: 'Silent Noon'; 22. O. W. Holmes: 'Old Ironsides'; 23. P. B. Shelley: 'Winter'; 24. A. Song; 26. W. S. Landor: 'Mother, I cannot mind my wheel'; 27. E. A. Poe: 'To Helen'; 28. R. L. Stevenson: 'Requiem'.

1st prize: J. W. Waters (London, W.8); 2nd prize: Mrs. N. Cochrane (Banstead); 3rd prize: Mrs. M. Henderson (Orpington)

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